Hammond

THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII ROBERT BONNER, {PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867. TERMS. {$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

LOST LILIES.

BY ALICE CARY.

Show you her picture? Here it lies!
  Hands of lilies, and lily-like brow,
Mouth that is bright as a rose, and eyes
  That are just the sweet soul's overflow.

Darling shoulders, softly pale,
  Borne by the undulating play
Of the life below, up out of their veil,
  Like lilies out o' th' waves o' th' May.

Throat as white as the throat of a swan,
  And all as proudly-graceful held;
Fair, bare bosom "clothed upon
  With chastity," like the lady of eld.

Tender lids, that dropping down,
  Chide your glances over-bold;
Fair, with a golden gleam in the brown,
  And brown again in the gleamy gold.

These on your eyes like a splendor fall,
  And you marvel not at my love, I see,
But it was not one, and it was not all,
  That made her the angel she was to me.

So shut the picture and put it away,
  Your fancy is only thus misled;
What can the dull, cold semblance say,
  When the spirit and life of the life is fled!

Seven long years, and seven again,
  And three to the seven—a weary space;
The watery fingers of the rain
  Have drawn the daisies over her face:

Seven and seven years, and three,
  The leaves have faded to death in the frost,
Since the shadow that made for me
  The world a shadow, my pathway crossed;

And now and then some meteor gleam
  Has broken the gloom of my life apart,
Or the only thread of some ravelled dream
  Has slid like sunshine into my heart.

But never a planet, steady and still,
  And never a rainbow, brave and fine,
And never the flowery head of a hill
  Has made the cloud of my life to shine.

Yet God is Love, and this I trust,
  Though summer is over and sweetness done,
That all my lilies are safe in the dust,
  As they were in the glow of the great, glad Sun.

Yea, God is Love, and Love is might,
  Mighty as surely to keep as to make,
And the sleepers sleeping in death's dark night
  In the resurrection of life shall wake.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

ROSE WENTWORTH'S ART SCHOOL.

Norwood, October 10, 1857.

"A discovery, my darling mother!—a discovery! We are related! I don't mean that you and I are. You already have a suspicion of *that.* But Miss Rose and her mother are our relations! But let me tell it in the order of history.

"The next morning after the runaway in which Miss Rose and I figured, I made my call to inquire for her health; and when I left I became very anxious about my own—that is, the health of my heart! The Wentworths live in a grand old mansion, surrounded with grander old trees. I'm going to send you some studies of them. The front yard is ample, and from the gate to the house it is some sixty paces. As I was walking up, looking on one side and the other at the fine flower-border, and up into the tops of the high hanging elms, and half thinking on the proper things to say, Miss Rose herself appeared at the door, and advanced to meet me, with a cordiality as warm as if she had known me as long as you have, and with a fervor of manner which I know not how to describe. I forgot to say that Dr. Wentworth called upon me last night, and spent an hour with me, and learned all about my family connections, so that Miss Rose was spared the awkwardness of inquiring who I was. You used to tell me, mother mine, that boys could not understand how mothers felt. Now, oh mother dear, allow me to assure you that mothers cannot imagine how boys feel. For instance, how I felt when a noble woman, of perfect self-possession, with a countenance beaming with sympathy, looked me full in the face with an unwavering look of real gratitude! You know I thought myself rather an accomplished ladies' man; but, upon my word, it seemed to me for about five minutes that I was the girl and she the man. She was perfectly self-possessed and I was confused. Her manner was not that of a school-ma'am, either, nor of a strong-minded woman. It was exquisitely gentle. It was what we call *large,* in a picture. I don't know—she seemed to me like a candle, in which her body was only a wick, and her spirit, surrounding it, was like the flame;—or like a flower, which is a centre, surrounded by an atmosphere of fragrance. Do you begin to see, mother? If not her, do you see me?—that I am intoxicated,—an idol-worshipper?—altogether given up and gone in love? Don't be alarmed or jealous. I am, as usual, in a trance of admiration, and when the enthusiasm abates a little, I will let you know what my real state is.

"It seems that Miss Wentworth is a bold and skilful driver of horses—that she had gone on an errand of charity to a near manufacturing neighborhood, and was returning with this young and high-spirited horse. Just as she entered the village a peddler's cart, full of tin ware and all manner of trumpery, had wandered off and taken its baresboned horse along with it. The animal was feeding, without regard to the convenience of the wagon, and working its way more and more up a very steep bank. Just as Rose came past, the upper wheel mounting a stone, the cart came over bodily, and down toward her came the shining stream of cups, pans, strainers, cullenders, graters, and the whole catalogue of Yankee notions. Her horse was thoroughly scared. Neither her voice nor the reins could manage him. And, as is usual with horses, his fright grew with the very speed at which he fled from danger. She laughed heartily, as she told it—'Never was such an onset made upon flesh and blood before! If my horse had not done it for both of us, I do believe that I should have run away myself from such a clatter and the sight of such a motley mess of kitchen utensils!'

"Mrs. Wentworth, you should know, came from Boston, and as we were talking of Cambridge and of you, and your maiden name, she said that she had cousins of the name of Landor, and so we fell to the pursuit of relationship; and at length it turned out that she was your third cousin. I arose and made Miss Rose a low bow, and begged her to accept as a relation her fourth cousin—Frank Esel!

"It seems, too, on further talk, that we have many common acquaintances in and around Boston. She spent three years there, partly at Prof. Agassiz' school and partly in the study of music and art. I am charmingly at home already, in Norwood. I have really a kind of home, for Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth invited me, with the manner of command, to make myself at home with them. And never was the virtue of obedience more comely in my eyes. Blessings forever on the tin-peddler, on runaway horses, and on the heroines that preside over such occasions!"

* * * * * *

October 20th.

"I am going to school! I have found a real academy of art! Dr. Wentworth knows everything. He is like the coast of Maine where I sketched last summer,—it makes no difference where you come down to the shore, it is deep water at once. You know that I am not *very* conceited, just as little as will do, and yet be an artist. But it is not in human nature not to put on some slight appearance of knowledge; and, wishing to inspire respect in Miss Rose for my abilities, I thought I could surely venture in my own department!

"I don't know how she did it, but in an hour I felt as though I were a born fool. Miss Rose has the kindest heart and the most truthful tongue that I ever met! She is tender of every body's feelings; yet no one can be long with her and not see every thing in clearer light, in higher relations, with a more minute accuracy; and this advancement in one's own perceptions works in him the sense of his own inferiority. When I am alone, Nature seems to me a vast congeries of wonderful things. But when I am with Miss Rose, Nature rises before me in new aspects,—it has a unity, a meaning, a fruitfulness of sentiment that I never dreamed of. Does she sharpen my wits? Or is it that she suggests new ideas? I don't know; probably both. She knows every plant that grows in this region in the same easy and natural way that she knows all her neighbors. She can tell me the floral calendar of every month. She knows the structure of plants,—vegetable physiology, of course; but, in her way of conceiving things, plants have a domestic life,—and I find myself insensibly, under her influence, regarding these groups of plants as having a sort of semi-human life. Miss Rose speaks of the dispositions of various plants and of their private habits very much in the same way that one would of one's neighbors. I believe that she is as familiar with birds, insects, and animals as she is with the vegetable kingdom.

"She made a remark, yesterday, that struck me.

"'What it was worth while for God to create, and what He thinks of importance enough to continue from generation to generation, ought to seem to intelligent persons of sufficient importance for them to study.'

"At another time she said:

"'I hear people call this natural world "God's Book of Nature,"—which means, I suppose, the Bible of Nature; and yet they leave the greatest part of it unread. What would be thought of a Christian who should leave four-fifths of the other book of God unread, unlooked at?'

"I have ridden on horseback twice with Miss Rose and a party of several others; have been at two pic-nics, one fishing excursion, and at one sailing party—if that can be so called where we rowed all the way and never lifted a sail. She was the life of the party. No one can be dull where she is. She has much humor and an exuberance of spirits, without the slightest turbulence or frivolity. Her lightest words and merriest have depth in them. They are like the wrinkles of wind and flashes of light that run along the surface of deep water; and yet she seems to enjoy in others the utmost gayety and even that frivolity which high spirits are apt to produce. By the way, Miss Rose rode the very horse whose running away brought me to so much happiness. Good courage, that!"

* * * * * *

October 21st.

"Your letter of the 19th is now in my hand. Is it not a real mother's letter? Is it not *my* mother's letter, such as nobody else in the world could write! But, sober mother, I have misled you in my whirling enthusiasm for Miss Wentworth. When will you learn that your boy is an enthusiast—foams first and settles afterwards? The first week after I met the goddess I was like a great stream rushing through a narrow passage, and so, as you may imagine, I was thoroughly tumbled. But I am spread out in the meadows now, and am running very tranquil.

"Why, oh loving inquisitor! Rose Wentworth is no more for me than is the Queen of England! I should as soon try to buy the Koh-i-noor, to wear in my bosom. I have not taken leave of my senses. I admire her more than any human being that ever threw light on my path—but love is another thing.

"By the way, I had a comical time, a few nights ago. An odd creature, Tommy Taft by name, was standing at the doctor's yard-gate as I came out. He has a striking face, and very singular manner; both jolly and rude, and yet not altogether unpleasing.

"'Good evening, sir. Is Miss Rose at home?'

"'She is,' I replied.

"'Do you know whether she's going to Boston soon?'

"'I do not. I am not apprized of Miss Rose's future intentions.'

"'P'raps the young cap'n's a relative of the family?'

"I was a little vexed with his manner even more than with his direct questions, which fact he saw before I could speak.

"'Massy on us, how quick young folks take fire now-a-days! Hope an old fellow that's known the family ever since there was a baby in it, can ask a civil question about it. P'raps you don't want questions asked? Well, shouldn't wonder!'

"'Who are you,' said I, peevishly, 'that you stop me here——' My sentence was cut short by the arrival of Dr. Wentworth, who familiarly addressed this queer jumble of wood and flesh. 'Why, Tommy, you're better of your rheumatism! Glad to see you getting about—but you must take care of this night air. Come in. Rose has something for Mother Taft. She was going over presently with it.'

"'That's jest the reason I shan't go in, doctor! And if you think it'll fetch her over, you may tell her that Mother Taft is poorly, and that she can't bring nothin' into that house that'll do her half so much good as her own face. Have ye heerd anything from Barton Cathcart lately, doctor? How's he gittin' along? They tell me he beats the hull class, and is the fust man there. Only one year more, and then he'll be home; and, to tell the truth, doctor, I'd give more to see him in Norwood once more than all the scrumptious city folks in the land!'

"The doctor laughed, bid Tommy go home, and passed in. 'Who *is* this Cathcart, I wonder?' I said to myself. The next afternoon Miss Rose was sitting in the morning-glory nook, as it is called, or rather she was sitting before it, and working upon a picture of it. She has in her portfolio the sketches of all the favorite points about home,—Honey-suckle Bower; The Green-house in Winter; The Elm Tree; Evergreen Twilight; and a dozen others. For though the doctor's grounds and garden seem, in a general view, much like any other gentleman's highly-kept grounds, yet I have learned from Miss Rose that each part has something distinctive in it. The doctor fancies that there are certain analogies between plants and thoughts or sentiments, and his whole ground is arranged upon some basis of mental philosophy, which Miss Rose promises that her father shall unfold to me.

"I am sure I never saw such a collection of Ipomeas and Convolvoluses before, and though this evening they were shut up, all except the *Bona nox,* which opens at evening and closes in the morning, she found enough to do with her pencil upon the leaves and vines. 'In the morning the blossoms and at evening the foliage,' said she. 'Of all flowers, this is, perhaps, the most remarkable in sentiment—of all that grow in our climate, at any rate.'

"'What sentiment do you suppose a flower to have, Miss Rose?' said I, more to hear what she would say than to criticise her remark.

"'The sentiment which it naturally inspires in him that looks on it. What do you think of when you look upon a trellis of morning-glories in full blossom?' 'Why I should think they were glorious!' 'Is that all? and you an artist?' 'Why should an artist see any more than anybody else that has good eyes?'

"'Then why is he an artist at all? No man has any call to an artist life unless God has enabled him to see in nature what it is not given to common eyes to see.'

"'But a man cannot see what is not to be seen.'

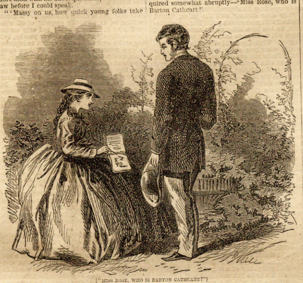
"'That's a blind man's reason for not being a guide to others.'

"'But, what do *you* see, Miss Rose, that I do not?'

"'Perhaps nothing. I am not an artist. You are. Many think they are artists because they have facility in copying what they see. But this is as if a man should copy a Spanish poem in beautiful handwriting, without understanding a word of the language, and then call himself a poet!'

"I felt the color come in my face. A man does not like to be held up between the finger and thumb, as if he were a butterfly, not even if the operator is a beautiful girl, and her face full of quiet roguery and her manner ever so gentle.

"I certainly did not intend rudeness, in my reply, though I committed it. It seemed for the moment as if Miss Rose had pointed her remarks to me personally and disparagingly, though a moment's reflection might have satisfied me that having never seen anything of mine beyond the merest sketch, she could not have intended a criticism. But, for the instant, I drew back from the subject, and just then my last night's scene with Tommy Taft occurring to me, I inquired somewhat abruptly—'Miss Rose, who is Barton Cathcart?'



["MISS ROSE, WHO IS BARTON CATHCART?"]

"The moment I had said it I felt that it looked like a hidden question designed to surprise her confidence. If it had been, it would have failed of its aim. She certainly looked surprised, but neither angry nor annoyed. I hastened to relate the scene of the night before with Tommy Taft, which amused her not a little. I added:

"'He watched me, very much as a dog hangs round a suspicious character, determined to know what he has come for.'

"Miss Rose was even more amused at Tommy Taft's supposed vigilance. She went on painting; a touch here, a laugh, another touch, another laugh. Then I thought a certain sadness fell upon her face. It was but a transient shadow. She turned to me, frankly, and said:

"'I could wish that you knew Barton Cathcart, and if you will return next summer, you shall, for he will have graduated then, and will be at home, I presume. You could not but like him. He has been my familiar friend from childhood—a brother, almost as much as my own brothers—till he left for college. He has grown much since then, in every way, though I have seen him but a little. He is one of those deep natures that it is worth your while to have for a friend,—a deep well, that never dries.'

"'Is he good looking?'

"'Everybody is handsome whom you love and respect. But Barton does not need any such gloss. His figure is fine and his countenance noble.'

"'Does he talk well?'

"'Father says that the best talkers are those who know how to be silent. Barton listens more than he speaks, but when he does speak, one is never tired of hearing him.'

"'Your description is relishful. Pray tell him that I am coming again next summer and on purpose to make his acquaintance.'

"'He is a true husbandman. His friendship does not reap alone. It sows as well. You are always the richer for his company.'

"'I rather dread these "improving" people—these good folks that go round building everybody up. I have an Aunt Shillingby, one of the kindest hearts alive, but wherever she goes she is bent upon "doing good," and she moralizes and talks, and advises, and questions, and incessantly races with her tongue, till I feel as if I had been travelling on a dusty road. I want a brush and towel to get down to my own flesh again.'

"'Expect no lectures from Barton Cathcart. But he has a vital nature, peculiarly stimulating, but in no wise demonstrative or noisy. The sun is no mechanic because it builds up all the world's growths. The winds are not engineers because they urge ships and mills. A man may stimulate your whole nature without officious or garrulous habits.'

"After a moment's pause Miss Rose turned to me and said:

"'Cousin Frank'—she had never called me so before—'you must excuse my enthusiasm about Barton. We grew up like brother and sister, although very differently situated in life. He came by his noble nature both from his father and his mother. Barton is a world too sensitive for his own good, capable of being a hero, and quite as capable of becoming a fanatic.'

"'A fanatic, Miss Rose? And is a nature that has the fanatical element in it capable of heroism?'

"'He has the heroic element, because he is strong, patient, capable of suffering without complaint, and because on occasion he would give everything in the world, his life itself, for that which he loved or for whatever he considered just and right. As to fanaticism, father says that it is the fermentation of strong natures, who, not having outlet for their feelings, grow inwardly, until they mistake their own feelings and thoughts for outward realities. I can easily imagine circumstances in which Barton would see the whole world in the color of his own heart.'

"I do not know why I should dislike what Miss Rose said of Cathcart—I do not. Yet, for some reason, I did not take a fancy to him. Perhaps I shall when I see him.

"I returned to the subject of Art:

"'Miss Rose, you were speaking a little while ago of that which gave a man the right to call himself an artist.'

"'I suppose *being* an artist gives the right to the name. My father, you must understand, is my instructor in all my philosophy. My opinions are a pale reflection of his. He divides men of your calling into two classes—decorators and artists; and artists again into those that please and those that teach. The former paint for the senses and not for the soul. They are copyists of nature in her more material aspects. They have no soul behind their eyes. They see only matter, not mind, in nature. An artist ought to see grace, beauty, tenderness, and subtle fancies, in nature which common eyes fail to see; and when he reproduces an object it should seem more attractive to common eyes than the original is, because the artist has expressed in color something more than others would have seen. Father says that it is the amount of one's self in a picture that determines whether it is made by an artist or an artizan.'

"'Bravo, bravo! You shall give lectures, to convince ninety-nine in every hundred artists that they have no vocation! With such views as these before my mind, I shall never try my pencil again. What! Frank Esel going about to express in his picture what Nature did not express! Never shall a young gentleman so humble as I am be so presumptuous! I shall burn my brushes!'

"'It may be all well for you to burn your brushes, but not for such reasons. I do not say that Nature does not express all and more than Art will ever represent; but one part of her truth Nature expresses to the senses, and another and far higher, through the senses, she expresses to the soul. It is this second and higher kind of beauty and truth that an artist should bring forth and throw visibly upon his work. But I think your raillery is right. Pray excuse me for my lecture; but, if it had been my father, Mr. Artist, you would have gathered more ideas.'

"'And less pleasure.'

"'Though he would not have let you off in so short a time.'

"'Its brevity is the only fault of your discourse.'

"'But there come the girls! No, you must not go. We three young ladies have no beau to-night but you, and you must not deny your services. Miss Laura Bacon and Alice Cathcart come with their parents to an informal tea; and, as every well-arranged table is twice set—for the eyes as well as for the palate,—we shall draw upon your skill for help, Sir Artist!'

"I could not but admire the grace of her carriage. You know how much I criticise the careless and slovenly way in which young ladies are permitted to carry themselves. If one had to choose between a fine and graceful carriage of one's person, and beauty of face, I think ladies would consult their interest by choosing the former. Miss Rose is a splendid walker. Her body moves as if it were floated in the air rather than propelled from the ground. Yet you feel that there is an elastic tread and a firm hold upon the ground. I have never seen her move nervously or, indeed, in any haste. She expresses deliberation, but suggests nimbleness.

"We went to the house. The tea-table was already spread. I was sent to collect leaves, with special instructions,—both green leaves and colored ones, oak-leaves, chestnut-leaves, hickory, and liquidamber—the most star-like of all leaves. Of colored leaves—maple, yellow and scarlet, the crimson of the *Nyssa,* and that glowing and brilliant thing—the sumach-leaf.

"While I was gone, came Judge Bacon and his slightly stately wife; 'Biah Cathcart and his dark-eyed wife; Dr. Buell and his feeble wife; old Mr. Edwards and his sister. Every one seemed at home—went where they pleased, did as they pleased. But artist I was learning of Miss Rose how to adorn a table with materials so common as to be within every one's reach, and which, in the end, were so effective that I am sure I never saw table more charming in my life.

"Green leaves were first pinned together by their own stems into a plat, and then made into circular *mats*—the points of the leaves well-advanced; and upon each one of these green mats rested a pure white china plate. Thus oak-leaves, hickory-leaves, maple and liquidamber alternating, seemed sprouting from beneath every dish. A bowl had been arranged with selected grasses, and the butter-dish set in it in such a manner that the golden butter was fringed with the grasses from which it came. For the honey, which was snow-white and taken from the doctor's own hives, Miss Rose had herself collected white clover-blossoms, and arranged them upon a green base of red-clover leaves, so that the dainty comb seemed to rise up out of the very flowers which had yielded it.

"The large, silver waiter which contained the tea-things rested upon a broad ruffle of colored leaves—yellow and scarlet maple-leaves, golden-colored hickory-leaves, deep purplish leaves of the sweet-gum, and they were so arranged that the highest point of color was at each end, and a gradation of color tending all the way back to green, terminated, in the front, in a real summer-green tuft of leaves. I was never more struck with the effects which can be produced by a skillful use of mere foliage, without flowers, and I never before felt how coarse are the heaps and stacks of flowers which are piled upon decorated tables in comparison with this delicate and almost flowerless use of leaves. It was inexpensive beauty, requiring but a few moments to prepare it, and tending to connect social enjoyment with natural objects in a manner that is characteristic of this whole household.

"While I was busy with the young ladies,—Miss Rose I have described,—Miss Alice Cathcart, a dark-haired beauty, something shy and silent,—Miss Mary Bacon, a blonde, tall, slender, glittering, but sharp, positive and selfish,—the latter quality, however, carried like a sword, in a scabbard of politeness;—while, I say, I was tearing myself away from the gentlemen and devoting myself disinterestedly to these three young ladies, the gentlemen were sitting under the great elm conversing. This is a wonderful tree. It is the Doctor's temple. Probably no tree in the State has heard as much discourse as this one. It was a glorious sunset. The air was calm. The whole atmosphere was suffused with a vaporous golden light. It was a translucent flood, and its waves rolled upward to the very zenith. A strange glow fell upon all the village. Trees and houses seemed glorified, and were transfigured. At its height, so marked had this become, that people were calling to each other to come out and see the sunset. We all went forth. Miss Rose shaded her eyes, and looked with a solemn rapture full at the sun, now tempered in the peculiar atmosphere to a mildness tolerable to the eye. Miss Alice sat as if she were fallen into a trance. Miss Bacon treated nature in an obliging way, as if she felt it proper to recognize the very polite and agreeable manner in which the sun was taking leave.

"I am strangely affected by Miss Rose, as by no other person in the world! I am drawn to her irresistibly. She is good, she is true, she is simple, she is beautiful, and yet this fascination is not love! She sobers me. I do not feel the exhilaration in her presence that I do with others. Life seems deeper; nature more solemn. She has power to stir my soul, even if she does not influence my heart!

"As twilight came on, the gentlemen were summoned to tea. This old mansion seems made for hospitality. The very air in it seems to whisper to every one, Be happy. Except my own darling mother, never was so motherly a woman as Mrs. Wentworth. She is always genial, often gay, and sometimes brilliant. But in every mood a serene kindness beams from her face. Mother, the expression of kindness in a rich nature is even more beautiful than any expression of intellect! I have put in my note-book: 'Beauty is of the disposition. Love is the type of perfect beauty.'

"Every one did what pleased him. No one was pursued with teasing politeness. I wish I could repeat the half of what was said during the evening; but it could not be done. But I have jotted down in my note-book many things that an artist should remember and investigate.

"The autumn is growing more gorgeous. Every day is perfect, and yet the next seems better! And every day has a secret joy, to me more dear than all the colors of the trees express, that my pleasant vacation will so soon end in a yet more pleasant coming home! But I can never measure the unexpected benefit of this visit. I am sobered. A new thought of life is born in me. Should I persevere in the pursuit of art, it will be with a better insight of its meanings; and if I abandon it, it will be from despair of reaching what I can perceive to be a true artist's aim. My heart beats quicker to think how soon I shall see you. And yet,—well, good-bye, and scarcely expect to hear from me till you take it from my very lips!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TALK ABOUT ENJOYING MONEY.

While Frank Esel and the young ladies were pleasantly preparing for tea, there were sitting or lying on the ground, under the great elm, Parson Buell, Judge Bacon, Mr. Edwards, and an eccentric merchant and manufacturer, Mr. Brett by name, whose whole life was pragmatically benevolent, and whose conscience was always flying at him and teasing him for not being more benevolent.

Judge Bacon opened upon Mr. Brett.

"Brett, have you noticed Dr. Wentworth's conservatory? I wonder you do not add one to your house. I am sure you spend too much money on benevolence. You owe a little now and then to selfishness. Why, my dear fellow, you live as if you thought it to be your first duty not to enjoy the wealth which a kind Providence has sent you."

Mr. Brett was a nervous man, and talked all over when he became interested.

"Why, Judge, I should think it was Mrs. Brett talking if I did not see your face. She troubles me day by day. But, really, I am not conscience free in the matter. I—I—do not dare spend on myself while there is so much to be done with money,—so many poor; so many ignorant; so many tenements to be built and families to be regarded, and factory children to be educated; and, besides, so much to be done for the world abroad!"

"Mark the perfect man! Hear him talk! Why, sir, if you send missionaries to South Africa, it is only fair that you should receive the Cape-bulbs in return; if you send Bibles to South America, why not receive orchids in exchange? We have more Bibles than we can use, and they have more plants. A fair and legitimate commerce. Thus, we export missionaries and import roses, and both parties exchange superfluities for objects of value."

"Come, come, Judge Bacon," said Parson Buell, with a grave smile, for Brett was looking wofully puzzled at the judge's way of putting duty, "I wish we had more men that were unjust to selfishness, as you say brother Brett is."

"But, then, Reverend Sir," said Bacon, in a comical, mocking tone, "do you not think that he ought to have a conscience in the matter of making benevolence appear pinching and frugal to unloveliness? One reason why I don't become rich is the fear that I shall live as austerely as brother Brett does. One might just as well be poor, as to be rich and spend all his money in giving it away. Do you really think, Brett, that you would cheat a single heathen out of a fair chance, if you were to put up a green-house, hire a gardener, and live in a little more luxurious way?"

"You have touched the very point," said Brett—"*luxury*. I'm sure that it is my duty to provide my family with the necessaries of life; but luxuries I am not so clear about. I never feel happy when I am persuaded to obtain them. I have my scruples whether a Christian may, in the present state of the world, indulge in luxuries."

"Is that so?" replied the teasing judge, affecting a manner of great concern. "Is that so, my dear Ascetic? You must give me leave to say that I think you, sir, already on the side of self-indulgence. Calf-skin boots, upon my word! A beaver hat! when a felt one would equally well shield your head, at but a quarter the expense! And that glaring violation of economy, a broadcloth coat, instead of linsey-woolsey! Why, sir, I think there must be a year's schooling on your person for some poor vagabond, and yet you are talking about your conscience!"

"For all that," said Mr. Brett, who smiled rather faintly, as if he was not altogether sure but that it might be his duty to retrench his personal expenses.—"For all that, I am in doubt of going any further. Have I a right to put so much money into a green-house, and to be at the annual expense required for a gardener, when down at the factories there is so much to be done among the workmen, for schools, and clothing, and libraries?"

"That's a fair question," said Buell, "and I should like to hear your opinion, gentlemen. I confess that I am puzzled more by the practical application of it than by the principle itself. I have no doubt of a Christian man's liberty to use his wealth for his own household, but how far, by what rule, to limit it, I do not clearly see."

Judge Bacon, who had the art of being elegant in negligence, was lying upon his side on the ground, with his head resting on his left hand, while with the other he was playing nature, as he styled it, to a worm. Laying down a stick in its way, the worm mounted it.

"Now," said he, "here is my man, this stick is natural law; if I turn it so, he creeps north; if so, east; if so, south; so that while he thinks that he is creeping in the line of the stick, he is veering to the four points of the compass."

"No matter about your worm, learned judge, solve the minister's practical problem," said Cathcart.

"Oh, gentlemen, that I might be troubled, as Brett is, by wealth that I don't know how to use! Brett, exchange with me! Give me your factories, stores, and sinful bonds and deposits, and do you take my library and penurious clients, and it will refresh you much to solve new questions of finance, with which I am already familiar."

The ex-schoolmaster brought back the question, and saying that he thought no matter more important than to furnish some clue by which a Christian man might determine where Rights ended and Duty began, in the use of wealth.

"Not a lawful distinction," said the judge; "all his rights are duties, and all his duties rights."

"Well, what are both put together? How much may a man use for his own household, and self; how largely may he lay out his estate, and convert it to mere beauty instead of use? How largely may he store his dwelling with art-treasures, and spread a sumptuous table? and yet, say, 'none of us liveth unto himself?'"

Dr. Wentworth, who had listened as if he heard not, now began to stir, as if he were about to emerge from his abstractions.

"My dear doctor," said the judge, "don't start off with your speech yet. You see, gentlemen, he has been firing up for some time, and there will be no more chance for us if he once begins! What the world of letters lost, Wentworth, when you chose medicine! We have lost a Burke and got only Dr. Wentworth! Let me deal with Brett, whose conscience is like a spider on the window, always spinning webs to keep out the light. I think a man has at least the natural rights of the animal kingdom. If an eagle has a right to all the feathers that can fairly grow on his body, and a sheep to all the wool that can grow on his skin, and a butterfly to all the colors on his wings, and a bird to all the music he can make, a man has a right to what property he honestly accumulates."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Edwards, "you don't half know your lesson. Eagles shed their feathers, and keep young by moulting. Sheep are sheared for their own comfort and everybody's convenience; and birds sing for all the town, as well as for themselves; while the butterfly, that piece of painted uselessness, comes late and goes early, as if Nature had no use for things that did not not contribute to others' good. So, judge, you must go to the foot of your class."

"I am dumb, Mr. Schoolmaster. Now let the doctor speak. I am sure it is not safe for him or us to restrain him longer."

Notwithstanding Judge Bacon's banter, the doctor seemed in no hurry to express his mind, being apparently absorbed with a favorite little dog, whose vivacity and vitality seemed inexhaustible.

"Why should the doctor leave his companion for our poor society?" said Bacon.

"That petty shag of a dog which he amiably teases is not to be left unblessed and solitary! Benevolence will still find ways of conferring happiness! That dog runs like an eight-day clock—does he *ever* need winding-up, doctor?"

"I think, gentlemen, that the matter in hand is far less difficult," said Wentworth, "than it is made to seem."

"The subject that is in *your* hand, doctor?" said the teasing judge.

"No mistake can be greater than for one to speak of his family," said Dr. Wentworth, "as of something separate from the community in which he lives. A family bears to the community the relation which limbs and organs do to the human body. What if a man should have serious scruples whether he should bestow food upon the stomach instead of the whole body! The family is the digesting organ of the body politic. The very way to feed the community is to feed the family. This is the point of contact for each man with the society in which he lives. Through the family, chiefly, we are to act upon society. Money contributed there is contributed to the whole. To be sure, this is not to exclude other benefactions; but, when you have built churches, schools, and libraries, established public charities, all of which are very noble and necessary, it remains true that the best gift which one can offer to the state is the living gift of virtuous, intelligent and enterprising children!

"Nothing is more remote from selfishness than generous expenditure in building up a home, and enriching it with all that shall make it beautiful without and lovely within. A man who builds a noble house does it for the whole neighborhood, not for himself alone. He who surrounds his children with books, refines their thoughts by early familiarity with art, is training them for the State. In no other way could he spend so much money so usefully for the State. He that actually rears good citizens presents to the State better properties, far nobler, than ample funds or costly buildings.

"A man may, of course, be selfish in family expenditure, but all such outlay corrupts the family. No expense can be had which really benefits the family, that, through them, does not even more benefit the whole community.

"Why, gentlemen, I settled that question with this elm-tree long ago. I had heard it sighing for some days, and in the night it lay awake creaking and groaning; and so one day, as I sat under it, it stooped one of its long branches near my ear and made me its confidant and confessor. It seems the tree had fallen into a moral difficulty. 'Here am I, with my huge bulk, occupying space that might serve for scores of trees; and, when the sun shines, I take its whole glory on my head, and nothing below can get a fair share, and my roots are drinking out of the ground an enormous supply of food and moisture, and I am under condemnation for this great selfishness of my life.' I comforted the arborescent penitent the best way I could. 'Everything, my great heart,' said I, 'that makes you large and healthy, makes this village happy. Hundreds sit down in your shadow; this house, of which you are a dendral guardian-angel, is blessed in your prosperity; weary laborers stop and rest under you; all the village is proud of your beauty; sick people look at you out of their windows and are comforted. Besides, how many myriads of insects and how many thousands of birds are kept by you, and, in turn, disport themselves for our happiness! It is true that it takes a great deal to keep you, but you pay it all back a hundred-fold in use and beauty.'"

"Well done, poet," said Bacon, clapping his hands, in which all joined.

"Jotham could not have mended your parable," said the minister.

Edwards archly remarked that the tree was even more personally useful than one could imagine, who had not been a schoolmaster, and needed switches for lazy boys.

"Astonishing what one gets by good company," said Judge Bacon. "I have lived all my life without looking at trees in the light of discipline! And what deception! I have seen Edwards often walking and looking up in a devout way. I attributed it to pious thoughts; but no, he was reflecting on switches. A schoolmaster naturally, then, divides trees into flagellant and non-flagellant trees. Are elm switches the best, Edwards?"

"Slightly too pliant," replied he, with grave humor. "A perfect switch should be stiff in your hand, slender, long, and at the end both elastic and tough. I have never obtained the best results from apple-trees. They are brittle; and it is disappointing to reasonable expectations to have a whip break in your hand. The fault of most trees is, that they fail to produce long, slender, and tough branches."

"Pray, what do you consider the school master's best friend among trees? The hickory?"

"By no means. Only artificial rods are formed from its seasoned timbers. The quince is, above all, the proper shade tree for school houses. The fruit is acerb, but the wood full of sweetness to those who need it. Indeed, it might be called the boy's austere friend."

"I thought the birch was the tree of trees for school-masters. All literature celebrates its virtues. Indeed, its name has been appropriated to the idea of discipline."

"In country school-houses the birch may be accessible, but not in town. Even were it at hand, it must yield to the quince in those searching, subtle virtues which are so wholesome to youths in distress!"

"Pray, Dr. Wentworth," said Buell, "go on with your remarks. Your discourse needs an application."

"Whatever expenditure refines the family and lifts it into a larger sphere of living, is really spent upon the whole community as well. If no man lives better than the poorest man, there will be no leader in material things. A community needs examples to excite its ambition. A noble dwelling is, in part, the property of all who dwell near it. Fine grounds not only confer pleasure directly on all who visit or pass by, but they excite every man of any spirit to improve his own grounds. A family of children upon whom wealth has been employed judiciously, if they are at all worthy, represent in the community a higher type of life than can be found in poverty. Fine dress may be looked upon either as a matter of display or of worthy example. In the latter aspect, it is a duty as well as a pleasure. You teach us, Dr. Buell, that everything which makes the church noble and beautiful is an honor to God. The same principle applies to the domestic household. Every element that adds to the pleasure and refinement of the family puts honor and dignity upon the family state. Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy, is a public benefactor. Not all dissipated young men, of course, are children brought up in meagre economy. But it is very certain that children whose homes are not interesting to them by affection, or by attractive objects, are more easily tempted into places and company fraught with danger."

"These are weighty views," said Parson Buell; "and though I have never hitherto regarded the subject in this light, nor indeed attempted to practice upon it, I confess that I am struck with your views, and am inclined to believe them correct."

"Dear, dear me!" said Bacon, "must I begin, at my time of life, to adorn and—what is it?—dignify—yes, that was the phrase—'honor and dignity.' Well, I shall at once make out a bill of honeysuckles, roses, roots and bulbs, and other such elements of virtue; for it would ill become me, a Judge, to practice the immorality of a frigid house—a barren yard and a flowerless garden!"

"Alas! alas!" said Edwards, with affected sorrow.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Bacon.

"I only sighed for those with whom you next do business! Generosity usually avenges itself on somebody!"

"Has it occurred to you, my dear doctor," said Buell, "that our New-England families have been brought up upon a stern pattern, and upon a principle different from that which you advocate? Boys and girls in former times have had very little time or opportunity for the cultivation of taste."

"Since the founding of the Colonies," replied Dr. Wentworth, "there have been throughout New England what we called leading and influential families, that possessed wealth, that built fine mansions like this of mine, and lived in some considerable style. That some of these wealthy families have set bad examples, is true; but, as a whole, the class have gone before the times, powerfully affected the ideas of the whole community, given them larger notions of family life, and, if it could only be traced, I think you would find that the young man who launched out into the world and became wealthy had received, perhaps unconsciously, powerful influence from their example.

"But, Dr. Buell, it is not necessary that one should be rich. All that I say is, that he who, according to his means, spends his money in beautifying and refining his house, is working for the whole community as much, and sometimes even more, than for his own family, and need not charge himself with selfishness."

"It is certainly not selfish," said Dr. Buell, "to spend money on one's self, if thereby a higher influence is secured for society. It is upon that principle that one is justified in liberal expenditure for education, and even for travel, as an eminent means of liberal education."

"Well, well," said Bacon, "I am getting very tired. Is not tea nearly ready? These views are fearful! They will revolutionize New England. What a spending of money! What ravages under the name of taste! Well, I wash my hands of such doctrines! On you, Dr. Buell, and you, Wentworth, and you, gentlemen, if you do not protest, must rest the guilt! Positively shocking! New England farmers spending money for beauty! Whew!"

"I beg your pardon, Judge," said Dr. Wentworth, smiling quietly, "New England has practiced on these very views, to a degree probably not equalled in any other part of the globe. I do not believe that so large a proportion of men's revenue was ever spent upon the Family as in New England. The idea of the family, of comfort at home, of respectable appearance, of education for all the children, of neatness and some sort of beauty, has nowhere else ever been so high among the whole body of the common people. This is one reason why the Yankee is stigmatized as stingy. His idea of respectability is expensive. Only sterling industry and stern economy will enable him to carry along so much as enters in New England into the society idea of the family! There may be no difference in the external appearance of economy and parsimony, but their interiors are as different as honor and meanness. The New-England people are beyond all question the most generous and the most liberal, according to their means, of any on earth. More money can be raised there for any great purpose of public weal than anywhere else. Nor is New England ever tired of giving. Schools in thousands over the West and South, academies in every State where her sons have emigrated, churches, colleges, and all institutions of religion, from end to end of this continent, are the witnesses of what men are pleased to call the narrow spirit of New England!"

"Oh, Wentworth," said Judge Bacon, with a polite yawn, "I had no idea of starting you off at such a rate when I cleared my skirts of your heresy. Rather than have you go on at this rate, I will recant—yes, I accept your views. Let me see: spending money on one's self is virtue; on one's family, public benefaction! Indeed, I am already, I perceive, an excellent man. What services I have rendered to society in bringing up that girl of mine! It is a delightful surprise to find that my selfishness has all been virtue! Dr. Buell, do you never exchange?"

"Certainly, often; why do you ask?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might sometimes like to ask Wentworth here to preach. He has, I think, a manner that would eminently become the pulpit."

"But, to return to the starting point, will you tell me of what practical use is a conservatory?" said Brett.

"A very means of grace," replied Judge Bacon. "It will cost you smartly to build it; yet more to stock it and to keep it up. It will never be large enough, for you will be always wanting more things than it can hold; it will be always too large, for you can not get what things you already have half taken care of. You will fight with red spiders one week and with aphides the next, and with the white scale all the time. Your water-pipes will get out of order once a month; your gardener will be out of order every day. He won't let you touch your own things—will always know more than you do, and have a good excuse for *not* having flowers; and, above all, on the coldest night of the year he will get drunk, let the fire down, and freeze up your whole precious stock of tender things. My dear Brett, if you stand in need of patience—if you would cultivate long suffering—if you would grow in grace far faster than your flowers will in health—by all means get a green-house. To-day you shall be tormented with fumigations of tobacco; to-morrow you shall be half suffocated with fumes of sulphur, and every now and then, by way of variety, you will be drenched by whale-oil soap-suds!"

All laughed at the comical distress predicted.

"But," said Brett, "I suppose there *are* faithful men and gardeners, and that it is with a green-house as with a store or factory—if a man selects poor agents, he must expect shiftless work. If worse comes to worst, I can perhaps coax Jacquin to move his shop up here, and work in my green-house."

"Who is Jacquin, Brett? One of your factory-village men?"

"Yes, a shoemaker with a taste for every thing. Every day he has a new invention. He has exhausted the subject of warming and ventilating, and he works them out for his own mere pleasure. Being very fond of flowers, he has built himself a little green-house, thirty feet long, and taken off ten feet for his shop; and he has contrived a tea-kettle of a stove, that, while it heats water for circulation through his pet green-house, furnishes him heat for the shop. He has got together a very tolerable collection of plants, and any gardener might be proud to have his stock in as high health as his."

"But, gentlemen," said Wentworth, "it would be wrong to let our scoffing judge corrupt your ideas of the comforts of a green-house. Let me tell my experience: In the first place, I did not try to make it too large. I rejected all mere curiosities, far-fetched and difficult of treatment, and contented myself with common things that, for reasonable care, would return a generous supply of flowers. I like common flowers best—new flowers are like strangers, that put you upon your good manners every moment; common flowers are like old friends, between whom and you there are a hundred associations and memories of pleasure.

"Then, as to the enjoyment. On a weary winter day, with a storm going on out of doors, and snow blinding the air, and winds howling through the trees, open the door into your conservatory, and behold summer is all around you! Besides, what picture of landscape was ever so charming, as to sit across the room and look through the door upon such green and blossoming vegetation? One hour pays for a year's care. Then, too, a sprig of flowers on the table in February, or March, is a blessing.

"However, I think every man that ever loved flowers knows that the chief delight consists in *giving them away*. Much as I enjoy my garden, I confess I am more delighted with other people's pleasure in it than with my own. And so that it is well given, a flower given away is far more enjoyed than a flower kept. In my profession, I have had much occasion to notice this matter. In long and wearisome sicknesses, no medicine is more beneficial than some innocent exhilaration to the patient's mind. It is the nerve-power that cures after all. Whatever rouses up the brain pleasantly is apt to do the patient good! And I carry about as many flowers, in many places, as I do pills."

"Without doubt," said Bacon, "with equal safety to the patient."

"At any rate, a gentleman will find an argument of benevolence for making a greenhouse, which will fully neutralize any fear of selfishness."

"There goes the tea bell," said the judge, affecting a joyful alacrity, "and here comes the fairest of all messengers. Miss Rose, good evening! You were always an angel of mercy! Do take your father off; and, as we are all faint with listening, I am sure you will never again greet a pilgrim band so glad of a little refreshment!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

RIGHT AT LAST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I'll have the matter decided, one way or the other, before the sun sets," said Royal Warner, impetuously, as he folded a little billet and placed it in an envelope. "I am not a tuft of thistle-down to be blown hither and yon on the summer wind of a woman's freaks and fancies. If she'll marry me, well and good—if not, I will make up my mind to endure it as best I may."

He was a tall, rugged young fellow, with bright curls, flecked with chestnut gold; dark, sparkling eyes, and a forehead embrowned with the suns and showers of twenty-six years of honest toil.

"She knows well enough that I love her," soliloquized Royal, as he walked along the fragrant solitude of the quiet country lane. "Perhaps she'll think this letter a little abrupt; but then she's perfectly aware what a rough-and-tumble sort of fellow I am."

The letter aforementioned *did* partake slightly of the elements of abruptness, nor was Royal's apprehension altogether groundless. Thus it read:

MY DEAR DORCAS—Will you marry me? Yes, or no?
ROYAL WARNER."

"For there's no earthly use in beating about the bush," thought honest Royal. "Seven words are as good as seventy."

As Dorcas Brown, standing in the milk-room, peeped down into the brown stone jar to see how much cream she had amassed, something like a tiny white bird fluttered down on the floor beside her.

"Good gracious!" said Dorcas, with a little start, "what's that? and where did it come from?"

The rosy crimson swept over her face as she read the few brief words.

"It's just like Royal!" she laughed to herself. "'Yes or no?' Well—I think—yes!"

So Miss Dorcas crept up stairs to her room, and without ever stopping to pull the sleeves down over her plump arms, wrote:

"MY DEAR ROYAL—YES. DORCAS BROWN."

"I think *that* is decided enough for him," thought Dorcas. "And now how shall I ever get it to him without my father's knowledge? *He* wants me to be Mrs. Joe Trimmer."

She hesitated a moment, and then leaned out of the window.

In the sunshine, on the door-step, sat Tommy Ives, a poor, half-witted fellow, who ran errands, did odd jobs, and made himself generally useful in Farmer Brown's establishment—a man in years, but a child in mind.

"Tommy!" whispered Dorcas, softly.

"Yes, Miss Dorcas," said the poor fellow, starting suddenly from his doze.

"I want you to take this note to Mr. Warner for me. And, Tommy——"

"Yes, Miss Dorcas."

"Be *sure* you don't let my father see it! Remember that, Tommy!"

Tommy promised, and started on his mission; but meeting Farmer Brown in the keeping room he acted so sheepish that the farmer suspected something wrong and cross-examined him severely. After the old man had left, Tommy looked for his note, and at last uttered a purring sound of self-gratulations as he drew a little billet out from the table drawer.

"I don't exactly mind putting it there, but I s'pose I must ha' done so. Now Mr. Royal shall have it, quicker!"

And Tommy sped away, under the sheltering shadow of the elm trees that fringed the lawn!

"For me, Tommy?"

"Yes, for *you*, Mr. Royal. Miss Dorcas says, says she, 'Take it to Mr. Warner for me.' And says she, 'Don't you let father see it on no account!' So I didn't."

"You're a good fellow, Tommy, and here's a dollar for you," said Royal. "And now get back as quick as you can."

He watched Tommy edging along by the road side before he opened the folded billet.

It was utterly and entirely blank, but scarcely blanker than Royal Warner's face, as he turned the sheet this way and that. The next moment the hot, angry scarlet suffused his face, and he bit his lip almost cruelly.

"The insult was gratuitous," he muttered under his breath. "She need not have added *that* to the burden of my mortification. Well, the dream is over—I've been a fool, and I'm glad I know it!"

He crumpled the sheet of unwritten paper in his hand, and flung it among the silver-white daisies in the pasture field where he was standing!

"He will come to see me to-night," said Dorcas Brown to herself, as she sat in the door-way dreaming over a bit of delicate needle-work and looking very enchanting in a blue muslin-dress, and blue ribbon mingling with her bright profusion of curls,—"he will surely come to-night. I think he ought to have come last night! Why, Tommy, what's the trouble?"

For Simple Tommy was coming up the path, wiping the big tears from his eyes with his clenched knuckles.

"He's gone!" faltered Tommy.

"Who?"

"*He*—Mr. Royal!"

"Gone? Oh, well, don't cry—he'll be back again soon!"

"No, he's gone to York, and he's never comin' back no more! He told me so, his-self!"

The soft roses died out of Dorcas' cheeks.

"Tommy, are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I saw his trunks put on the stage myself. He's gone! and he's never comin' back no more!"

"Tommy!" exclaimed Dorcas, springing to her feet, "did you give him that letter?"

"Yes; and he giv' me a dollar, and said I was a good fellow," lamented Tommy, piteously.

Dorcas stood a moment or two, absently watching the red stain of the sunset glowing on the western horizon; then she turned, and went in—went in to a world that had changed, and a life that had grown dark! Alas, poor, proud, little Dorcas!

"And so they've moved away?"

Royal Warner was more disappointed than he cared to have become visible, as he leaned over the garden-gate, no longer the stripling farmer, but a tall, dignified, young Member of Congress from one of the Western States!

"Oh, yes, two good year ago. Gone to Watson's Corners—furniture all sold to auction!"

Royal Warner hesitated a moment.

"I—I am very foolish, I suppose; but I would like to own something that used to belong to my old friends. Do you know of any article that——"

"Oh!" interrupted Squire Daley, good-humoredly, "you're welcome to the Webster's Dictionary wife bought at the sale. Hosea brought a later edition home from college, and the old un aint no account anyhow. I'll fetch it!"

An old, battered volume, with yellow leaves and dog-eared corners—there certainly was very little intrinsic value to the book; but Royal Warner took it reverently, and carried it to his rooms at the village hotel as tenderly as if it had been the Koran itself, and he a faithful disciple of Mahomet.

He sat down by the window, and turned the leaves carelessly over, thinking of Dorcas Brown's violet-gray orbs and long eye-lashes.

"Poor Dorcas!" he mused—"I wonder if she ever——"

He paused abruptly—between the yellow, time-stained leaves before him lay a small billet directed to himself—directed in Dorcas's well-known handwriting. Mechanically he broke the seal and read the brief message that had been so long on its way.

"MY DEAR ROYAL—YES. DORCAS BROWN."

There was no date—but he knew when it had been written—he knew, as if by instinct, the whole sad story.

"Five years!" he murmured, pressing both hands to his fevered forehead. "Five long, weary years! Oh, my poor Dorcas—my poor, darling girl!"

One moment he sat there, arranging his scattered thoughts, and planning his future, while within his breast his glad heart bounded with strange buoyancy; and then he went down stairs to inquire at what time the evening stage went out to Watson's Corners.

Dorcas was in the little front garden, clipping dead leaves off her roses, as Royal Warner came up the pathway. She recognized him at once—her heart seemed to stand still in her bosom for a minute; but the next she came forward and greeted him as of old, with marvellous self-command.

"Dorcas," he said, drawing the folded billet from his pocket and laying it in her hand, "I have just received this note."

She blushed vividly as she recognized the direction.

"It was sent five years ago this very summer."

"I know it, Dorcas, but I never saw it until this afternoon."

And he told her of the blank sheet that had so turned the current of her existence.

"Of course it was poor Tommy's fault, but how was I to imagine that? I only supposed that you scorned my humble offer, and, dearest, it cut me to the heart. Is it too late for me to renew my suit?"

"Is it too late for me to return the original answer?" said Dorcas, smiling and blushing, as she proffered him the note.

"Well," said Farmer Brown, when he heard of his daughter's engagement, "mebbe the girl was right arter all. It *is* better to be a Member o' Congress's wife than plain Miss Joe Trimmer!"

But when Dorcas had *first* said "Yes," her accepted suitor could only have made her "plain Miss Royal Warner!"

"THINKING ABOUT THEE."

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Long months have passed since we parted, my darling;
Roses have blossomed and died since that day,
When we both sat in the vine-covered arbor,
Seeking to drive sad remembrance away!
How I have counted the lone hours without thee;
How I have watched the bright stars we both love—
Tenderly, lovingly thinking about thee—
Thinking about thee wherever I rove!
Thinking about thee, never to doubt thee—
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee ever so fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

Robins were singing around us, my darling,
On that fair morn when we sat side by side;
When from your lips those sweet words came, so gentle—
Words that my true heart would jealously hide!
Now while the birds the green branches are swaying,
Far from the scenes that fond memory holds dear,
Toward home, sweet home, my tired spirit is straying,
Thinking about thee, in fancy so near!
Thinking about thee, never to doubt thee—
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee ever so fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

Memory to me is an angel, my darling,
Bringing sweet comfort and peace on her wings;
While gentle Hope, like a star of the morning,
Dreams of the beautiful future still brings!
Love of my heart, in these dreams I behold thee,
Waiting to give me thy sweet good-night kiss;
Then in the arms of my faith I enfold thee—
Thinking about thee is exquisite bliss!
Thinking about thee, never to doubt thee—
Feeling that life would be nothing without thee!
Loving thee ever so fondly and dear—
Thinking about thee is bringing thee near!

HAL DENNING'S SECRET.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

"Well now, Hal, I should like to know what you are going to Philadelphia again for. I don't believe you have business there as often as all this."

"Indeed I have, Harriet—business of the utmost importance. I shall bring you home something nice this time—very nice!"

Miss Harriet, who was tall and spare, and of an uncertain age and dubious temper, looked at her brother severely.

"You won't bring me home anything worth having, I'll be bound. You're sure to buy something that is damaged, or else give as much again for it as it is worth."

"This article, my dear sister, is said to be worth more than I shall pay for it. I consider it, in fact, a good enough bargain to atone for all my shortcomings in this respect heretofore. I've had my eye upon it some time, and am going to Philadelphia now more to secure it than for anything else."

Mr. Hal Denning spoke with his face averted from his considerably elderly sister, and made a decided grimace as he concluded.

He had his doubts about the article in question suiting Miss Harriet, who was notoriously hard to please; but as he was thoroughly satisfied of its worth, and much interested himself in the conclusion of the *bargain*, he resolved to proceed in it without further acquainting her with its nature.

Almost the last words Miss Harriet said to him were "to be sure that he got the worth of his money."

Just five days after, Miss Harriet got a letter, and if it had been an "infernal machine," she could not have dropped it with a more horrified air than she did as her eye travelled over the page. One word fell from her lips as they worked in convulsive emotion:

"Married!"

So it was a wife he had had his eye on all this time—some little, thin, slippered, cityfied Miss, who couldn't bear to put her hands in cold water, or travel beyond the door-stone without a carriage for her daintyness. For the first time in her life, Miss Harriet felt like fainting. Was ever such outrageous ingratitude as this! She that had martyred herself in single blessedness for him all these years, to have a little, forward, white-fingered school girl put over her at last!

"I reckon she'll find she hasn't married *me* any how, if she has him, *I'll* show her. There can't be two mistresses of this house while I'm in it, and I've been here too long to have my own roof taken off my head by *his* wife."

* * * * * *

It was a long time before Hal suspected what was making his pretty Corny so pale and nervous, and ready to sob childishly at a word; and when he began to have an inkling how matters were going, he, perhaps, hoped that time would mend them, for he said nothing of his discovery to either his sister or Corny.

The young husband and wife were very happy, however, in each other; the joy of each being in the other, and no differences rising to mar their domestic peace. Miss Harriet saw, and decided that it should be so no longer. Her jealous and acrimonious state of mind was by no means satisfied with making the young wife a stranger in her husband's house, and constantly ill at ease. She wished to take from her her joy in her husband also, to sow dissension between the two. This was for a long time difficult to do, so perfect was the confidence between them. But after awhile she discovered that Hal had a secret. Miss Harriet possessed an insatiable curiosity, and was tolerably sharp about gratifying it. Profound indeed must be the mystery that she was incapable of piercing. But this one evaded all her efforts. Hal himself, while he grew red and evidently annoyed at her questioning him, refused to satisfy her; and partly from pique, partly to gratify her envious dislike of Corny, she used her utmost endeavors to make her uneasy on the subject.

But Corny was provokingly obtuse, and only lifted her innocent eyes in courteous attention while Miss Harriet talked. Beyond the fact that Miss Harriet was speaking, she seemed to have no interest, till Miss Harriet lost her patience entirely.

"I don't think you care for my brother at all as you pretend," she exclaimed, angrily. "If you did, you would take more pains to make his home attractive to him, and not force him to seek his happiness elsewhere."

Corny looked pale and frightened at this outburst.

"Don't I make him happy?" she said, impulsively. "I know I'm a foolish little thing, but I thought he liked me, and I—oh, I'm so sorry! What shall I do? Please to tell me."

Miss Harriet was crimping one of those wonderful linen ruffles that were in the habit of bristling at her neck, and she did not pause in the operation at the sight of Corny's distress.

"It's not my fault if Hal don't find his home what it used to be. Dear knows, *I'd* work my finger ends off to make him happy, and always would. I expected from the first he'd get sick of his Philadelphia bargain."

"I don't believe my husband is the least bit tired of me, if that is what you mean," said Corny, indignantly; "and if he is, I choose to find it out for myself."

"Which means that I'm to hold my tongue," Miss Harriet vociferated, in angry amazement at Corny's spirit.

"It means that I don't choose to have anyone say such things to me, and that if anyone does I shall tell Hal, and ask him if it is so."

"I advise you to be careful how you try to poison my brother's mind against me, Mistress Corny," Miss Harriet exclaimed, in a passion. "He'll not be likely to turn against me, who have loved him all his life, for the sake of a young chit he had not heard of a year ago. For my part, I wish he *never* had seen you. He was all but engaged to Charlotte Dinsmore, and I believe in my heart he wishes to-day that he had married her."

Having thus delivered herself, Miss Harriet took herself out of the room in a style more emphatic than graceful, banging the door after her, and looking very red in the face. Five minutes sufficed, however, to cool her, and five more to fill her with trembling and consternation. She had gone much farther than she intended. She had said what she knew the facts in the case would not warrant her in saying, and no one knew better than she, captious and tyrannical as she was generally, that it was highly dangerous to really rouse her brother, however forbearing and compliant he was in small matters. She began to tremble at her folly. Hal was very fond of his little Corny. She knew that in spite of what she had just said, and in an open rupture she had good reason to suspect that she would not get the best of it. A little more consideration sufficed to take Miss Harriet back to where Corny sat in a white, statue-like dismay, conning over her words. She looked very miserable.

"Dear Corny," Miss Harriet said, humbly, "I wish you would forget what I said," putting her arm coaxingly around her.

But Corny shrank from her, with a pitiful quiver of the small lips.

"I couldn't, you know," she said, with a gasping sob.

"It was very wrong in me to speak so, but I was angry," Miss Harriet went on; "of course Hal don't care anything about Charlotte Dinsmore now, and I shouldn't have mentioned her name, only I felt provoked with him for going there so much as he does, and getting cross at me because I just asked what he went after. You see, I didn't think it looked quite right for him to neglect you so. You won't tell him I said anything, will you, Corny dear? He would be angry, and you know quarrels between brother and sister are such dreadful things."

"I won't tell him," Corny said, drearily. "Did he like Miss Dinsmore so much, so very much?" she asked.

"Well," said Miss Harriet, reflectively, and relieved of her fear, "he used to go there pretty often, and I've heard him say time and again he thought Charlotte was the handsomest girl in town."

When Hal Denning came home that evening, Corny sat pale and quiet before the fire, and to his solicitous inquiries answered that she did not feel well, which was true enough. Whether Hal suspected anything beyond the words, he said nothing then, but sat down near her and looked with an abstracted and gloomy expression into the fire.

As he sat thus, Corny furtively watching him, a servant brought in a note, and gave him. Corny could not help noticing that it was superscribed in a very dainty, delicate hand, and her eye followed his movements in a kind of fascination as he opened it and glanced over the contents. For her life she could not have helped the look she gave toward the bottom of the page as, apparently careless or oblivious of her presence, he lifted it toward the light. It was signed "Charlotte Dinsmore."

He turned suddenly and looked at his wife, his cheek reddening, while he hurriedly folded the note and put it away.

"Did you read it?" he asked, quickly, but with a *pretense* of carelessness, through which his anxiety was but too evident.

"I saw only the signature," Corny said, coldly.

He laughed in an embarrassed way, and, taking his hat, went out, and did not return again till late.

Miss Harriet sat by. Her face said volumes; and the long-drawn sighs she heaved at intervals through the evening were not calculated to relieve unmistakeable wretchedness.

At breakfast, the next morning, Miss Harriet asked carelessly:

"When did you see Charlotte Dinsmore last, Hal?"

Hal gave her a frowning look. He seemed in an irritable mood.

"I was there last night," he said, impatiently. "You *knew* I was!"

Miss Harriet stared in surprise at the announcement, and Corny looked very hard at her plate.

Miss Dinsmore called in the course of the day. Corny had seen her before, but had never realized as she did now how handsome she was. Miss Dinsmore was a brilliant, black-eyed brunette, with a dash and assurance of manners that quite overpowered Corny, who was naturally shrinking; but she was no more to be compared to Corny's delicate shy beauty than a peony to a Scotch rose. As the weeks wore on, Corny grew still paler and more and more silent; and Hal, though he was tender and seemed anxious about her, was often in an irritable mood and seemed ill-at-ease.

Miss Harriet secretly exulted.

But one morning, Hal, with a very mysterious countenance, asked Corny to get her hat and cloak, and come with him for a walk.

Mr. Dinsmore's residence was a very handsome one. Corny had often admired it as she passed with her husband, but she shrank from entering it now, as he led her with more than usual tenderness up the walk toward it.

Agitated as Corny was, she noticed with some surprise that, instead of ringing and waiting for the door to be opened from within, her husband entered without any such preliminaries.

He smiled at her look, but conducted her into a pleasant, bright, sitting-room, handsomely furnished and wearing a look of cosy invitingness.

No one came forward to welcome them, and Corny's wonder increased every moment at her husband's manner. He seemed quite at home,—rung for a servant, who came and put more coal on the fire,—and presently asked her why she didn't take off her hat and cloak.

"Why, are we going to stay awhile?" Corny asked, in some trepidation.

"A long while, I hope," Hal replied, smilingly, and adding, after a pause, "My darling, this is our home henceforth, yours and mine *alone*."

Corny's blue eyes opened wide, she did not understand him at all, and repeated his words, mechanically:

"Yes," he continued, "I have bought the place and appurtenances thereof, just as it stands. Mr. Dinsmore, wife and daughter, left town yesterday. I was obliged to be secret about it, because Dinsmore did not want it known he was leaving. Besides, I wanted to surprise you. You have suspected me, though, haven't you, Corny?"

Corny rose and came toward him.

"Not of this," she said, beginning to tremble.

"Really? I have seen for some time that Harriet was making you unhappy. Her ways are not like yours. She means well enough, but I thought you would be happier in a home of your own, and I always meant to give her the house where she lives, so we are all suited now. Why, Corny?"

Corny was sobbing hysterically.

"I've been so bad," she said, in little, gossiping sentences, "I thought you were tired of me, and wished you had married Miss—Miss—Dinsmore!"

Hal looked confounded; then he laughed.

"Little Simpleton!" he said, but he held her in his arms and kissed her. He did not question her very closely. He knew his sister pretty well. "I should as soon have thought of marrying Harriet as Miss Dinsmore," he said; "and the note she wrote me was entirely about this business of buying the place."

Miss Harriet's consternation, when she learned the state of affairs, may perhaps be imagined. Her brother's munificence mollified her somewhat, and in time Corny's sweetness of temper, and her gentle loveableness, won over even Miss Harriet to like her.

ANTIPATHIES.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When Mrs. Tallman issued invitations for her grand pic-nic, one fact troubled her. If there was one person whom Miss Kitty Melon disliked particularly, that person was Mr. William Waddilove. In fact there was only one thing she hated worse, and that was his dog. A great over-grown Newfoundland, always dripping with water from his frequent baths, always rolling and tumbling and barking, and comporting himself in a way that shocked Miss Melon's delicate nerves and made her wish all dogs at Jericho. There had been no peace, said Miss Melon, since that old bachelor hired the next cottage, what with his dog, and his cigars, and his masculine friends coming up on Sunday from the city, and his horrible ways altogether.

On his side, Mr. Waddilove disliked his neighbor as heartily. If there was anything he hated it was a piano, and from morning to night the partition wall shook with incessant practicing. There was no rest for a man. And then the abominable mincing and prinking of the girl, and her affectation—shrieking at the sight of a splendid animal like Beppo. It was, said Mr. Waddilove, a blot upon the very prettiest little cottage and grounds in the world to have such a woman for a neighbor.

Coming to these conclusions, the two cottages commenced secret warfare. Miss Melon shrieked, whenever she saw the dog, as a matter of principle; practiced at midnight because she knew Mr. Waddilove was always aroused by the dulcet strains; spoke of "brutes" in meaning tones in the garden; and passed her neighbor with averted face and elevated nose; while Mr. Waddilove smoked when the wind set toward Miss Melon's garden; set his dog into convulsions of barking whenever the lady was seen with a book in the arbor; and laughed audibly when he was contemptuously ignored in the lane outside of the garden.

The very servants caught the infection. Mr. Waddilove's housekeeper spoke with disdain of "that Miss Melon," and Miss Melon's housemaid sneered at the mention of "that *there* Mr. Waddilove." No wonder Mrs. Tallman grew nervous as her pic-nic guests, among whom were to be the "two antipathies," began to assemble. Foremost came Mr. Waddilove, with his dog and a gun.

"Might see something I'd like to hit, you know," he said, with an explanatory flourish of the weapon. "Never lose a chance."

Mrs. Tallman smiled faintly.

"Only don't let it be one of my guests," she said.

Mr. Waddilove roared:

"Ha! ha! ha!—fancy the joke!—shoot a picnicer instead of a bird!—ho! ho! ho! I say, though, I wouldn't mind much if it was my neighbor the screech-owl,—ho! ho!"

Mrs. Tallman turned pale, for Mr. Waddilove appeared to mean what he said.

Other guests arriving opportunely, however, the lady forgot her fears in hospitable welcomes, and soon all were assembled save Miss Melon.

"Perhaps," whispered Mrs. Tallman to Mr. T. —"perhaps she saw him start and so won't come."

"P'raps so," replied Mr. Tallman. "*I* don't care."

Such, however, was not the case. At the last moment some one in white, with a round hat, and cherry ribbons, and a roll of music, appeared on the scene. It was Miss Melon. She tripped up to Mrs. Tallman and kissed her on her cheek.

"How are you, love?" she said. "Hope I'm not late. I was so afraid that brute would come after all, you know; but he's gone off with a gun somewhere, and here I am."

"Glad to see you, love," said Mrs. Tallman, feeling guilty. "Mr. Smith is dying to escort you."

Mr. Smith offered his arm, and the party set off—Mr. Waddilove in front, Miss Melon the very last of the procession—each unconscious of the other's presence.

The spot was reached—a nice damp hollow full of trees, so cool and shady that all the ladies screamed with delight, and the tired pedestrians arranged themselves on the grass in picturesque groups. Then, and not until then, Beppo discovered Miss Melon.

He made for the spot where she sat at once, and being an intelligent dog who remembered lessons, began to bark in the most astounding manner, making short leaps and tumbles all the while, and showing his enormous red tongue in a way no timid lady could observe calmly.

Miss Melon was timid and gloried in the fact. She began to scream:

"Oh! oh! the brute! protect me, Mr. Smith! Oh! oh!"

"Bow wow-wow!" roared Beppo, with another tumble.

"Eh! oh! ah! e-e-e-h!" shrieked the lady. "It's that Mr. Waddilove's brute. How *did* he come here! Oh, mercy! there's the wretch himself. Call off your dog, I command, sir!"

"Noble animal—never bites," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Wealy," said Mr. Smith—"wealy, I must protest. The lady is alarmed, sir."

"More fool she," said Mr. Waddilove. "Here, Beppo, old fellow. What you want *there* I don't know—lie down."

And Beppo did lie down, with his tongue out, panting and triumphant.

For awhile the harmony of the scene was undisturbed, but soon a whiff of smoke mingled with the air, and Miss Melon ejaculated:

"Pah!"

"What is it, love?" said Mrs. Tallman, confidentially.

"An awful smell of tobacco!" said Miss Melon, aloud.

"Yes, dear—the gentlemen are smoking, I fancy."

"Gentlemen!" said Miss Melon, shrilly. "I know the smell of the very bad cigars one particular *person* smokes."

"The worst tobacco is better than musk, though my cigars are choice Havanas," said Mr. Waddilove, addressing a tree top.

"We haven't had a bit of music yet," said Miss Melon, ignoring the remark and speaking to Mr. Smith.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Waddilove, still evidently addressing the tree.

"Won't you sing, now, Miss Melon?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, I'm so hoarse."

"Oh, no, now—you aint, you know," said the gentleman.

"*Do* sing!" chorused the pic-nicers.

Miss Melon coughed and produced her music.

"Mr. Smith will accompany me on his flute?"

"With pleasure."

The audience assumed attentive attitudes. The performers began. Twattle went the flute, up rose "the soprano voice" of Miss Melon:

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Should be told—— Oh! oh!"

The music ended in a scream, for at that point a voice cried:

"I see a bird!" and bang, bang went a fowling-piece.

"Oh, what was it?" shrieked Miss Melon. "Is any one killed? Oh! support me, Mr. Smith!" and Miss Melon fainted.

All was consternation; ladies ran with smelling salts—gentlemen with water; and Mr. Waddilove walked coolly away into the woods, banging away at imaginary birds and grinning.

When Miss Melon recovered, which was when an envious damsel proposed to "unlace her," she found her voice quite gone for the day, and following the example of the rest of the party, began to explore the beauties of the woods, leaning on Mr. Smith's arm. Wild flowers and sweet little tree toads and birds and berries were so many things to go into pretty ecstacies over, and at last they came in sight of the river.

"Oh, the lovely river!" cried Miss Melon. "Do let us wander on its banks, Mr. Smith."

"Very much pleased to wander anywhere with you," said the gallant Smith. And soon they were upon the margin of the stream, where lay a boat.

"A boat! Oh, I must have a row!" cried Miss Melon.

"Werry delighted to wow you," said Mr. Smith; "but you see that boat belongs to some fellow, and he might call it stealing, don't you see?"

"Cruel wretch!" said Miss Melon.

"Me?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Oh, no—the man that owns the boat."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Smith.

"I mean to get in anyhow," said Miss Melon.

"Don't, now," said Mr. Smith.

"Only for a minute," said Miss Melon, and with an infantine giggle she skipped into the boat.

Alas! boats are treacherous—the lady lost her balance and fell into the water.

Just there it was deep and somewhat dangerous. Miss Melon disappeared from view and came to the surface struggling and gasping. Mr. Smith shouted for help, with "I can't swim, you know," after every cry, and out of the woods bounded something black, followed by a man with a gun—Mr. Waddilove and Beppo.

"Fetch her, old fellow!" yelled the man, and the dog plunged into the water. His master only waited to fling off his coat and hat before he followed him.

Together they brought Miss Melon to the shore more dead than alive, and there the picnicers found the dripping trio—Miss Melon supported by Mr. Waddilove, the dog in ecstacies of pride at his own performances.

Mr. Smith's version of the story (he had made all haste to convey it to his friends) being that Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were drowned, and that Beppo had brought their corpses to the shore, the relief of the horrified party was great, their astonishment greater; for, on their approach, Miss Melon exclaimed:

"Behold my brave preserver!" and indicated Mr. Waddilove.

"Did *he* really save you?" asked Mr. Tallman, who had feared an attempt in the contrary direction.

"I've been the humble instrument, and all that sort of thing," said Mr. Waddilove. "But Beppo was first."

"Noble animal!" said Miss Melon, "I must kiss him."

Which she did at the expense of much red tongue licking on the face.

"You can't stay here, you know," said Mr. Waddilove. "You're too wet, and it's as damp as the dismal swamp. Tell you now,—I'll get a gig. Friend of mine in that white house, and he'll lend it, and drive you home, after you've had some wine."

"Thank you," bleated Miss Melon.

Twenty minutes after, the pair was drawing toward the cottages, with Beppo barking at the horse's heels.

"What a glorious voice that dog has," said Miss Melon.

"Pure Newfoundland," said Mr. Waddilove.

"Oh! and I thought he was one of those, oh dear! quite another sort of dog. How mistaken we can be in dogs—and people."

"Indeed we can," said Mr. Waddilove. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Now, for all the time we've been neighbors, I've had such a false idea of *you*," said Miss Melon.

"And I haven't appreciated *you*," said Mr. Waddilove. "Ah, well—do better in future. Here we are."

"So we are, I declare," said Miss Melon. "Mr. Waddilove, come in in the afternoon and take a cup of tea with me."

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Waddilove.

"And bring *dear* Beppo."

"Where I go he always follows," said Mr. W.

That afternoon, to the astonishment of the housemaid and the consternation of the housekeeper, Miss Melon and Mr. Waddilove were having jam and cake and tea together.

After tea they sat upon the sofa and talked.

"To think that I might have been at the bottom of the river but for you," said Miss Melon.

"I daren't think of it," said Mr. Waddilove. "Let's change the subject,—won't you play for me?"

"Oh, you don't like music."

"I?—who dared to say so?"

"Well, if you'll smoke."

"In a lady's presence? No."

"To please me."

"Anything to please *you*," said Mr. W.

And the lady sat down at the piano and the gentleman smoked.

It was a cosy evening. When they drew their chairs before the fire Mr. Waddilove said so.

"A bachelor's life is lonely," he said.

Miss Melon sighed.

"Pretty parlors these," said Mr. W.

"Small," said Miss Melon.

"Yes. Do you know what I've often thought? One person owning both houses could remove the partition wall and make a very nice sizeable parlor."

"So they could," said Miss Melon.

"A pretty piano there," said Mr. W.

"A fine dog on the rug," said Miss Melon.

"A dear little wife on one side of the fire."

"A husband smoking his cigar on the other."

"What a picture!"

"Worthy of—of the pencil of any body in the Academy of Design."

"Ah! oh——"

"Ah!"

"And it might be done next week," said Mr. Waddilove.

"How?" asked Miss Melon.

"By a word."

"Dear me!"

"Will you say it?"

"What?"

"Yes."

"But yes to what question?"

"Will you be Mrs. Waddilove?"

"Oh, it's so sudden."

"Will you?"

"You saved my life, Mr. Waddilove, and I can't——"

"Can't have me?"

"Can't—say—no."

The housemaid, listening at the door at that juncture, was sure she heard a kiss, and the friends of the antipathies were astonished, on the next appearance of the Weekly Wonder, by this announcement:

Married, on the —th of August, Miss Kitty Melon, daughter of the late Peter Melon, Esq., to Mr. William Waddilove. No cards.

—Truth, wisdom, love, seek reasons: malice seeks only causes.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Legal Humor.—Ten years ago a man in Missouri bequeathed $500 each to ten of his slaves, on condition that they should emigrate to Liberia or some country set apart for free persons. The slaves remained in Missouri, and the St. Louis County Court in that State has decided that it is "a place set apart for free persons of color," and the executor has been ordered to pay over the money.

A Knight Templar, who was a steadfast temperance man, was found by another taking a glass of hock soda in Boston, during the recent masonic celebration. "How is this?" inquired the second Knight; "I thought you was a temperance man." "So I am," replied the imbiber; "but I live up to the motto on my regalia. *In hoc signo vinces.*" The "smile" became mutual at once.

An Extenuating Circumstance.—A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of bed. His counsel admitted the charge, but said there were extenuating circumstances. "What are they?" asked the magistrate. "She persistently scratched his back with a currycomb, may it please your honor." "It don't please me at all, and I dismiss the complaint," was the magisterial response.

A friend met a farmer one day last week who was groaning in tribulation. To a friend who asked how his health was, he replied: "A little nervous." "What is the matter?" was asked. "My grass," he responded. "I don't see how I can raise help to properly cure and care for it. We have the biggest crop the earth ever bore. What afflictions we are subjected to in this vain, delusive world!"

A Patriotic Landlord's Philosophy as to the Battle of Gettysburg.—"The battle turned out well for Gettysburg. Hack drivin' and hotel keepin' are a bit more encouragin'. It was difficult to see what Providence set us atween two fires for; but on lookin' into our cash accounts we understand it all."

A True Wife.—"My dear," said a fond husband to his wife one day, "where would you go should I fail in business?" "Where I always go when I can, love," was the answer, "into the *arms house*," and so saying the lovely wife hid her blushes in the circling embrace of her husband.

A painter's reply.—A painter, who was fond of hearing his work praised, was one day told that Judge —— did not think very favorably of a performance of his. "Oh," said the artist to his informant, "what is his opinion good for? He isn't a judge of painting, he's a *Judge of Probate*."

Divorces are said to be so common in Detroit that a citizen of that city held a reception party the other night, to receive congratulations upon having visited Chicago and returned without being divorced from his wife.

The other day a town crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an *orphan* child, madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

Satisfaction.—"Did you mean that remark for me?" "No—who the deuce are you? I never saw nor heard of you before, and never wish to see nor hear of you again." "I am satisfied with your explanation, sir."

One of the speakers at Yale College the other day said, that whereas other colleges turn out and expel their worst members, Yale is understood to have always turned out the best of men.

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said, I will do."

Of all coxcombs, the most intolerable in conversation is your fighting fool and your opinionated wit; the one is always talking to show his parts, and the other always quarrelling to show his valor.

A physician's motto.—Foote being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was "*a numine salus*," he quickly replied, "God help the patient."

"This is what they call a *fellow*-feeling for a man," as the loafer said when the watchman was groping for him in the dark.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Attempted Suicide by an Insane Woman.—The Lowell *News* states that when the one o'clock train from that city northward, on Thursday, had neared Middlesex Village, a woman in the cars jumped off between two of them, with the purpose, it was supposed, of killing herself by being run over. Her clothing caught upon the couplings, and kept her from falling to the ground, three or four passengers succeeding after much effort in getting her out of danger without having received apparent injury. It is said that she was insane.

Capt. Wm. F. Robinson, son of Dr. J. A. Robinson (formerly of Salem) was robbed and brutally murdered in Tuscon, Arizona, on the night of the 11th of May last, while on his way from Fort Goodwin to California, by some drunken Mexicans, who had been beaten in a fight with a party of Americans, and who took vengeance on him. He belonged to the 4th Michigan regiment during the war.

A freedman in Texas proved a claim of $150 for wages against his master, but a negro jury would allow him only $110, on the ground that they knew him to be "a trifling, lazy scoundrel," and not worth what his employer agreed to give him! The negroes are very anxious to get on juries in Texas, and offer to perform the service by the year, and agree to render fair verdicts.

A wisconsin correspondent states that a Norwegian woman, dressed in homespun, brief and limp, only seven weeks from her native land, who arrived at Milwaukee one day last week, was seen two hours after with a bran new hoop-skirt under her arm, just entering a car for Minnesota. It was her first trial of Yankee institutions, and illustrates the ruling passion.

A Rattlesnake Among the Strawberries.—A finely-educated and promising young man, residing in Georgia, was gathering strawberries in his father's patch, on his hands and knees, when a rattlesnake sprung and struck him on the neck. A physician was sent for at once, but before he arrived the young man was dead.

A citizen of Detroit was a member of one of the Michigan regiments at the first battle of Bull Run. From that time nothing had been heard from him, and he was supposed to be dead. About a year ago his wife married again, and had a child about two months old. On the 24th of May the missing man made his appearance. Hence domestic and legal questions.

The Wolfboro (N. H.) *News* mentions the witnessing of the unusual sight, on the 12th of June, of some persons cutting grass and making hay, while others were plowing ground preparatory to putting in spring wheat. Some were nearly through with the first haying, while others were making and sowing their gardens.

A lady in East Brooklyn recently discovered a very neat birds' nest in her garden, composed principally of Valenciennes lace, worth about one dollar per yard. A piece of seven yards formed the lining of the nest. The lady had missed the lace, and supposed her domestics had stolen it.

A simple-minded man, who was induced by a couple of soldiers to buy a bottle of whiskey for them, at Fort Sedgwick, on the Indian frontier, was punished by the infliction of one hundred lashes on his bare back. The scene is described as having been most shocking and horrible.

In some portions of the South destitution is still very great. It is announced that some people walk twenty-five miles to Raleigh, North Carolina, to obtain the rations of bread and meat distributed from the Freedmen's Bureau at that point.

A boy of sixteen years hung himself in Buffalo, a day or two since. This poor boy was turned out of the house of his mother and step-father, and went away and hung himself.

A girl, aged thirteen, committed suicide near Peoria, Ill., on Sunday last, by hanging. The cause was that the day previous her mother bought a corset for her sister and none for her.

John Gray, who is said to be the last survivor of the Revolutionary army of 1776, is living in Noble County, Ohio, and is in his one hundred and fourth year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lochman died on the 12th inst. near Stoever's Mill, in Bethel township, Lebanon county, Pa., at the extraordinary age of 106 years.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

NO XI.

ON SOME INDIRECT AIDS IN THE CULTIVATION OF THE TASTE.

BY REV. S. G. BROWN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

A sound and thorough education must necessarily rest on certain fundamental studies, which, by common consent, are thought to bring the most important faculties of the mind into active and harmonious operation. These studies at once expand our powers and discipline them; give greater breadth to our mental action and, at the same time, greater intensity; enlarge the furniture of our knowledge, and enable us the better to use it.

It is equally evident that a complete education implies the due cultivation of every part of our complex nature, so that nothing which belongs to us as intellectual, moral, and sensitive beings, shall fail of its proper share of attention.

A love of the beautiful, especially of beauty in its purer and severer forms, is not usually developed so early as many of our other powers; and hence, perhaps, for one reason, the student may be disposed to neglect or undervalue it. It may be that none of us in the common, arduous, and necessarily unpoetical labor of every day, remember any too frequently how the cultivation of the taste will add to the refinement and contribute to the happiness of individuals and of communities; how it may supply the place of wealth; how it may sometimes be found intimately connected with questions of deep moral and practical interest.

It is the object of this paper to suggest a few of the methods by which a literary institution may indirectly minister to the taste, and inform the general spirit, of its pupils. As the full consideration of this subject would lead us much beyond the proper limits of this article, we must be content with a single and somewhat narrow line of discussion. Other and kindred topics will naturally occur to the reader.

A cultivated taste will always be most pleased with that which is perfect in its kind, and with any thing only in proportion as it approaches perfection. A refined taste is exacting of that which is good. A gross word, a petulant temper, an unseemly action, a mean character, an uncomely house, a neglected garden, an ill-fitted carriage,—every thing from the highest to the lowest, wherever it may stand in the catalogue, —will displease in proportion as it recedes from the type of perfection in its several order. Hence the love of beauty may be a stimulus to general excellence.

The taste is best cultivated by a familiarity with the best models,—a familiarity which is the result of careful study,—as, on the other hand, it will inevitably be degraded by the constant presence of unworthy objects.

The condition of the grounds and buildings of a public institution, often considered as of quite secondary importance, may have a very appreciable influence on the mind of the scholar. Neglect encourages neglect, and indifference to that which may easily be defaced or destroyed soon stamps it as of little value. Will not the mind, pained at first by the general air of inattention, soon come to look carelessly upon what it cannot remedy? And will not the same tone and habit before long be transferred from less important matters to those of greater consequence, from the outer world to the inner, from the sense to the intellect, from the intellect to the conscience?

Why should not the same law hold with respect to a public institution which is so potent with respect to a family, where there is evidently a reciprocal action going on between the objects immediately surrounding it, and its own condition as to refinement; where the care that is spent in beautifying the yard or the garden is more than answered by the reflex influence of that trifling labor in rendering the laborer himself more gentle and humane? And as in connection with our dwellings we would hide from observation that which is unseemly, as we should fear that the sensibilities would be hardened and the tastes become gross and degraded if the house were surrounded by defilement, so should we apprehend that the downward tendencies—tendencies towards a temporary barbarism—would be encouraged in a public institution by suffering the inevitable accumulation of unnameable evils which follow indifference to them. The student, indeed, is not the personal proprietor of that which is about him, yet his senses are alive. The trees which overshadow him or wave before his window, the greensward at his feet, the well kept paths, the carefully trimmed hedges which bound the little domain, all give him a quiet pleasure of which he may be but half conscious, and inspire him with a love of order, harmony and beauty, of the strength of which he may not be aware till he find his taste violated by the absence of that whose presence was so soothing and so grateful.

In the same way might all the public apartments of a university, or college,—its chapel, libraries and lecture-rooms—conduce to the same silent cultivation. Let the library, if there be but one, be sufficiently capacious, not only for the present, but the future uses of the institution, with every book easily accessible, rich in maps, plans and illustrations, with portraits and busts of the eminent in letters, in science and art, looking benignantly from the niche, the wall, the pedestal; the air warm and quiet, as of a habitation where one given to contemplation and studious ways might dwell, and where every influence falling upon the senses should repress all tendency to rudeness and coarseness, while it would stimulate every effort to thought and culture.

The rooms appropriated to recitation may be something more than bare rooms. By their structure, their conveniences, the symbols or mottoes on the walls, which might imprint indelibly upon the mind some choice or fundamental principle, by illustrative plans, charts, engravings and paintings, they might bring a gentle but constant pressure upon the mind of the student, and thus insensibly mould his tastes to the finer and nobler purposes of study, excite him by the recollections of the great and good, and afford him models of excellence in every department. "When Sir Henry Wotton," says his biographer, "came to the Provostship of Eton College, he was at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets and orators—persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon; and he would say that none despised eloquence but such dull souls as were not capable of it."

All this would indeed be much more than a mere cultivation of the taste, yet it would all be harmonious with it and tend to the same end. It is surprising how much of self-restraint and self-respect may be produced by apparently so small a matter as the external condition of things by which men, especially young men, are surrounded. A healthful pride is awakened, and a desire to render their actions correspondent with what is so attractive and beautiful.

Let us carry this line of thought a little farther, and suggest an additional illustration. Until quite recently hardly any attention has been paid to what may properly be called the architecture of our literary institutions. The buildings, for the most part, have been erected for the mere purpose of shelter without regard to æsthetic effect. Whether it be advisable to erect so many buildings to serve merely for dormitories, is an open question. But however this may be decided, there would seem to be no question that what is built should be of the best kind, and that what requires so much cost should be productive of the choicest effects.

No art is so grand, so generous, we may say, so diffusive and so permanent in its influences, as architecture. It binds the ages together, and a structure hardly deserves the name of architectural which is not built with reference to centuries of use. Such edifices grow ripe as they grow old. Their full beauty does not come out till many weary years have rolled over them; till the footsteps of pilgrims have worn the pavements; till the record of saints and scholars and heroes is engraved upon their marble tablets; till the shrine of genius is erected within them; till the faith, hope, love and endeavor of generations has sunk into the stones. Thus does a noble structure become a kind of incarnation, a living and visible representative, a local embodiment of the institution, the State, the age itself. Athens looks out and speaks from the Parthenon and Rome from the Coliseum. And so in a humble way, a college gathers to itself a visible and tangible existence. Its officers and students are perpetually changing, but the venerable pile, the centre and life as it were of the whole, stands unmoved, a mother to many generations, growing hoary and more venerable every year, touching with gentle but potent influences every finer mind, and moulding it all the more effectually because by a pressure so soft yet so constant.

Perhaps we do not give prominence enough to these intangible, evanescent methods of education, the education of the sympathies, the affections, the tastes of the student, his loves, his hopes, his prejudices, if you please, rather than his intellect, but at any rate of the moving springs of his life. I have sometimes thought that in many a European University, the knowledge derived from books and lectures forms the least potent element of education. The spirit of the place—its recollections and traditions—the fame of its great men, the quiet walks they once trod, the rooms they occupied—the lofty chapels —the spacious halls—these, during the most impressible years, have been silently but effectively giving shape and direction to the life. It would be a dull mind indeed that could enter the apartments over the gateway of Trinity College, where Newton labored, or the Senate House where stands the statue of Pitt, or the halls where Bacon and Barrow, or Burke and Usher, look down from the canvas or the rooms where once Dugald Stewart or Chalmers or Dr. Arnold discoursed—without feeling the inspiring influence. And if there be any building so central in its purposes that all the traditions of the place may cluster about it, while in turn it may seem to give them presence, concentration, permanence, then will that seem to be the heart of the institution, and the distant or casual sight of it awaken every friendly emotion. The chapel of a college might form such a central edifice; or the chapel and library united or skilfully grouped. Such a structure might well, in idea, constitute the centre and core of the whole institution—religion waited upon by learning—and here, without and within, might well be spent much of the care, the taste, the skill which the college could command. Other buildings for ordinary purposes, for dormitories, cabinets, &c., built mainly for convenience, though rude or even uncouth, would be pardoned in view of the concentrated power and beauty of the central edifice to which the memory of the alumni would instinctively turn when they endeavored visibly to realize before the eye of the mind that abstraction, the college.

Something of the influence alluded to might be presumed, perhaps, if the architecture had but the characteristic of permanence; much more if it be such that none can look on it without silent admiration and involuntary thanksgiving, will these feelings be the more grateful and recur with a warmer welcome. If a beautiful edifice be costly, we may remember that its worth can only be estimated by its benefits to the scores of generations that may come up to it. To build it may involve the self-denial of the present, but it will contribute ever accumulating wealth to the future. Money may be squandered upon mere piles of brick and mortar without form or comeliness, but in a really beautiful work of art,—a hall, a library, a chapel,—it is, rather, beneficently invested for the perpetual advantage of the future. There may be a beautiful idea where there are no means of immediately realizing it, and this, if strenuously held to, and worked out with energy just so fast as opportunities offer, without deviation, without marring for the sake of temporary convenience, and with a foresight which looks far into the future wants of a growing institution,—this I say will, in the course of years, produce a result which may surprise one. It has been one of the evils incident to the growth of our colleges, that their means have been so inadequate to the ends aimed at as to compel them to live "from hand to mouth," to meet the pressing wants of to-day by expedients which they must regret to-morrow. It is undoubtedly necessary to be contented with what is practicable, but whoever is *satisfied* with what he now is or does, has reached the highest point in his career. It is as true of an institution as of a man that it can rise only by aspiring.

Some of the things suggested above are among the last attained by any institution; some, certainly, are among the cheapest, most necessary and most feasible, requiring but a small initiatory expenditure, and then little beyond watchfulness and care. But even the former,—the most costly, the most permanent,—if their importance were felt, would not be always wanting.

It may also be said that but few minds would be affected by such matters as I have alluded to. In the full extent of such influence, it is undoubtedly so. But in the necessary briefness of this paper, I have selected a few topics mainly by way of illustration and suggestion. And yet doubtless we may underestimate the value of these indirect influences even on the least promising minds. Much must be thrown into the common stock of the impressions, traditions, sentiments and habits of a community, which cannot be well weighed or measured, but which is not to be despised in the final result on character. And there are almost always in a company of one or two hundred ardent and cultivated young men, a considerable number sensitive to all higher influences, in the elevation and refinement of whom is really included that of a large and ever-widening circle.

The turret-bells,

"Swinging slow with solemn roar,"

which suggested those beautiful lines in the Penseroso;—the "Distant spires and antique towers" which prompted the ode of Gray on the "Distant prospect of Eton College;"—the cloistered seclusion, the grand halls "hung round with pictures of Verrio and Lely," which moved the imagination of Charles Lamb when writing his "recollections of Christ's Hospital,"—all these were really doing a very tangible and evident work for the cultivation, the refinement, even for the stability and national fame of England, as well as for the delight of all to whom Milton and Gray and Lamb are still companions and friends.

I leave this subject with these insufficient illustrations for want of time to pursue it, hoping that what has been said may suggest something of advantage to those who are now learners, but who are soon to become themselves, at least many of them, educators and guides.

* * *

TAPPING JAPAN.

Wherever the enterprizing Yankee gets a purchase he makes the most of his leverage, and nothing on this sublunary ball can prevent his forging ahead. By virtue of his pushing powers he has obtained a foothold in Japan, and is teaching the subjects of the Tycoon a thing or two. He charges *liberally* for his lessons, no doubt, but the laborer—especially the intelligent Yankee laborer—is worthy of his hire. It is creditable to the sagacity of the people of the Land of Lacquer that they are pleased with his tutelage. To the Englishman and the Frenchman they don't seem to "cotton." The one is too self-sufficient, the other too mercurial to suit them; but with the shrewd, pliant, plausible, ingenious, indomitable Yankee they appear to fraternize cordially. They are a sharp-witted people themselves, and notwithstanding their long isolation from the rest of the world, are quick to see and seize upon new ideas. They could not have a better "guide, philosopher and friend" than Yankee Doodle. He will make money out of them, to their own infinite advantage; and when the Pacific Railroad is built, steam lines are established from California to Japland, and conversational lightning is running between New York and Jeddo, no doubt the Japanese Flying Dragon and our National Fowl will be proud to interchange "sentiments of the highest consideration."

* * *

TAKING THINGS EASY.

When a man tells you that he "always takes things easy," and "never puts himself out of the way for anything or anybody," set him down in your mental memorandum book as a case of chronic laziness and selfishness. Such easy-going individuals never *win* either fortune or fame. They may call their indifference independence; but if so, they make a miserable mistake. Real independence is the offspring of well-directed energy, and the "philosophy of indolence" is nothing better than a mean and contemptible sophistry. God himself has vetoed indolence: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is the vigorous language of Inspiration; and David Crockett's "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is simply the divine command translated into rough Anglo-Saxon.

Latent talent is of no more use than latent heat. Both must be developed and applied in order to be of any practical value. No man can even be a true Christian without energy. There is no such thing as *masterly* inactivity, whatever diplomatists may say to the contrary. Inactivity is naturally and *necessarily* the slave of intelligent and persistent action; and if we were required to put the whole duty of man into the shortest possible form of words, we would say to him, "Work and Pray."

* * *

Fashionable Discomfort.

It might be supposed that people who say they cannot live in a crowded city during the warm season would shun crowds when they go out of it to refresh themselves. It seems natural that persons who profess to be in search of health should be solicitous to secure one of its first conditions—elbow-room. But no; where the jam is most tremendous, thither flee the pleasure-seekers to increase it. Does anybody expect to "breathe freer and deeper" among five hundred boarders at a Saratoga hotel, than in a spacious mansion in Fifth Avenue? Certainly not. It is clear then that it is not *health* our fashionable families have in view when they desert their own airy residences for watering-place hotels where human beings are packed together like herrings in a barrel. What they want is not pure air and plenty of it, but admiration, homage, opportunities for display, and the false excitement born of competitive parade and ostentation. For the gratification of their vanity they are willing to be smothered.

* * *

—Although Summer mounts the throne in June, she can scarcely be considered a crowned queen until July. In the first month of her reign she is in fact but a grand-duchess with the symbol of ducal rank—a wreath of strawberry-leaves twined around her fair, broad brow; but in July she dons her coronation-robes, assumes a regal diadem of burning beams, and is every inch a queen. Under her outstretched sceptre the fields grow sumptuous with ripening harvests, and millions of affluent acres are invested with a glory that transcends all the traditional splendors of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Presently, she indues the purple, and multitudes of sun-browned lictors bearing yellow sheaves for fasces, proclaim her imperial, amid the pomp of plenty. Her grand triumph is now close at hand, and never, it is said, was richer tribute laid at her feet than the fruitful land we live in promises to yield her now. From every point of the compass come the glad tidings of unexampled harvests. Let us be thankful to Him who has given us as a nation all we could ask and more than we deserve!

* * *

—MR. VAN ANDEN, the proprietor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, does not hesitate to say, in conversation with his friends, that he considers HENRY WARD BEECHER and HORACE GREELEY, the two greatest men in the country; and yet almost every issue of his paper for the past ten years has had an abusive paragraph of the former.

THE DISRAELI FAMILY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Most of us pronounce the name of the English minister wrong. He pronounces it himself, Diz-*ray*-el-ly. So at least I am told by those who have frequented his society. Mr. Disraeli asserts, in the preface to his father's works, that this name has never been borne by any other family on earth; and he also explains why his family enjoys this monopoly. The grandfather of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who settled in England in 1748, was an Italian Jew, a descendant of one of the wealthy Hebrew families who had been driven from Spain, two hundred years before, by the Inquisition. The family, upon settling in Venice, dropped their ancient surname, and, as Mr. Disraeli remarks, "grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be forever recognized."

In Venice, the Disraelis were rich and flourishing merchants—"merchants of Venice." If any one would know the position of this family there, its wealth, and the disabilities under which it labored, he may form some idea of it by reading the Shylock scenes in Shakspeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice."

A hundred and twenty years ago, the attention of the head of the house was drawn toward England as the land of free commerce and religious liberty. Perhaps the old gentleman, the chief of the Disraelis, had read Voltaire's recent work upon England, in which that author describes the great London exchange, where Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Presbyterians and Baptists, Quakers and Episcopalians "do business with one another as though they were all of the same religion, and call nobody an infidel unless he is a bankrupt." Nothing is more likely than that, through this little work, the head of the house of Disraeli was induced to send his youngest son, Benjamin, to settle in London. At least he did do so, in the year 1748.

This Benjamin Disraeli, grandfather of the minister, prospered in England. In 1765, he married the beautiful daughter of a Jewish family, and became, in due time, the father of that celebrated Isaac Disraeli, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature." Not long after the birth of this son, his only child, he retired from business, went into the country, where he lived to the year 1817, when he died, nearly ninety years of age.

Isaac Disraeli, the author, puzzled, grieved, and disappointed his parents. His father destined him to a commercial career, and his mother—who abhorred the Jewish race to which he belonged, from the social stigma then attached to it—appears to have cherished the hope that her only son would redeem by a successful career in business the odium which she supposed to be attached to his name.

The boy was not destined to realize these hopes. "A pale, pensive child!" says his son, "with large, dark-brown eyes, and flowing hair, had grown up beneath this roof of worldly energy and enjoyment, indicating, even in his infancy, by the whole carriage of his life, that he was of a different order from those among whom he lived. Timid, susceptible, lost in revery, fond of solitude or seeking no better company than a book, the years had stolen on till he had arrived at that mournful period of boyhood when eccentricities excite attention and command no sympathy. His mother, not incapable of deep affection, but so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging in a tender expression, did not recognize in her only offspring a being qualified to control or vanquish his impending fate."

Such was the youth, Isaac Disraeli, who was to convert a name which his mother deemed ignominious into one of glory and renown. His parents resorted to every means they could devise to cure him of his passion for books and awaken in him a love of business. His mother tormented him to such a degree, by her stinging and contemptuous remarks that the boy ran away from home, and his father found him lying on a tombstone in a church-yard. The father embraced him, led him home, "and gave him a pony." Nature had her course. The youth struggled into literature, and became famous.

Enjoying an independent fortune, this bookworm of genius lived, for sixty years, in his library, and produced a series of works which, to this day, are reckoned among the classics of English literature. His son says of him: "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." And so, in the peaceful pursuit of literature, he lived on to the age of eighty-two, when he was still so robust that his life was only terminated by the attack of a violent epidemic. For some years before his death he was blind, but, by the assistance of his daughter, he continued to perfect and enrich his works. He was an exceedingly beautiful old man, with marked Jewish features. He used to wear a small black velvet cap, from beneath which his snowy hair flowed down in curls upon his shoulders. In all his walk and conversation through life he was as innocent, as simple and as joyous as a child.

How strange, that from such a being should have sprung that master of sarcasm, that audacious parliamentary leader, the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, in whom the pristine energy of his race lived again, after so long an interval of suspended animation! The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" had two sons, both of whom are living and both hold high office in the English government; the elder is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons; the younger is Registrar of the Court of Chancery, an important office, though not so conspicuous as that of his brother.

Isaac Disraeli, it appears, associating with the leading men of his time, had obtained the promise of a situation in a public office for his eldest son. To fit him for this place, the youth was apprenticed to a solicitor, but after a short experience of the drudgery of a lawyer's office, it became so disgusting to him that his father concluded not to force him into the career for which he was intended.

The young man being the heir to a large fortune, assigned the place in the public office to his brother, who has since risen by regular gradation to the post which he now fills.

Benjamin, thrown upon the world of London at an early age, endowed with remarkable beauty, and with striking talents for conversation, had a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and every one appears to have predicted for him future distinction. When he was twenty-one years of age, his novel, "Vivian Grey," appeared, which obtained immediate celebrity; not from its merit, which was small, but from the freedom and audacity with which living characters, well known in society, were either delineated or burlesqued. The success of this ill-constructed and tedious book established Mr. Disraeli as a fashionable author, and a long series of tales in a similar taste issued from his pen. These novels are surcharged with the spirit of Byron, and were truly characterized by Southey as belonging to the "Satanic School." They abound in gorgeous pictures of the extravagance and vice prevalent in the fashionable circles of the time, and no human creature was ever benefitted by reading them.

Not content with literary success, Mr. Disraeli, in his twenty-eighth year, presented himself as a candidate for parliament, in the very county which he now represents. He has often been taunted with having professed liberal principles for the purpose of gaining a seat in parliament. This was not the case. He is a tory in grain, as his father was before him, and he professed tory politics from the first, and was defeated by the Whig candidate. In the year following, he made his second attempt, again professed conservative principles, and was again defeated by the Whigs. It was on this occasion that, when somebody in the crowd taunted him with being an O'Connell man, he styled the Irish agitator, a "bloody traitor," which extorted from O'Connell one of the bitterest retorts on record.

"For aught I know," said Mr. O'Connell, "the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross."

At length, in the thirty-second year of his age, his long cherished ambition was gratified by his election to represent the conservative borough of Maidstone in the House of Commons. His first attempt to address the House was not merely a failure, but even a ridiculous failure. It was chiefly a vituperation of his old enemy, O'Connell, in delivering which he was carried away by the fury of his hatred, and indulged in excessive and absurd gesticulation. His voice was drowned in the laughter of the House, and he closed his speech with these words:

"I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

For nearly two years he was silent in the House, but in July, 1839, his prediction was fulfilled. He made a speech to which the whole House listened with attention, and which called forth from the press favorable comment. From this time his power as an orator increased, until he became the acknowledged leader of the conservative party in the House of Commons. His forte is sarcasm, which, Mr. Carlyle says, "is the natural language of the devil." When the great Sir Robert Peel covered his later years with glory, and saved the British empire from revolution by repealing the corn-laws, it was Mr. Disraeli who nightly assailed him with sarcastic abuse and drove him from the place which he honored. I remember hearing him deliver one of his cutting, rasping philippics, which seemed to me a very trivial and small performance, and I never could understand how so able and honest a man as Sir Robert Peel should have regarded such harangues any more than the whistle of an east wind. He did, however. Disraeli was a thorn in his side.

During his present tenure of office, Mr. Disraeli has shown considerable administrative ability. He has induced his party, and will probably induce the House of Commons, to accept a reform bill sufficiently liberal to appease, for a time, the clamor of the people for an extension of the suffrage, and to prepare the way for that complete triumph of the democratic principle in England which is inevitable and not distant.

The merits of this man are his own. The faults of his character can be clearly traced to that insensate prejudice against the Jews which raged in Christendom for fifteen centuries, making them a class isolated and despised, and excluding them from honorable competition in honorable pursuits. A man like Benjamin Disraeli, who has abandoned the religion of his fathers, and who is only tolerated by Christians, occupies a position in this world most unfavorable to the development of his better nature, and he should be judged with charitable reference to this fact. How he has avenged his mother, whose blood was turned to gall by her position as a Jewess in Christian England! The aristocracy of the realm have been compelled to accept him, not as their servant, nor as their equal, but as their chief. Happily, the prejudices which, for so many ages, divided men into hostile sects, castes, races, clans, parties and nations, are dissolving before the light of this better day, and man is beginning to value his fellow according to his worth *as* a man.

* * *

Just the Thing for Him.—An Epigram.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When *Ignoramus*, by the Bishop's grace
  To the Librarian's post chanced to succeed,
The Prelate, of the Dean—who named the case—
  Asked how he liked it?—"Very well, indeed—
The fellow's surely got a charming place
  (The laughing Dean replied)—*to learn to read!*"

* * *

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

MAGNANIMITY OF GENERAL GRANT.—In the course of a visit to Washington the present week, we had the pleasure of hearing a remark made by General Grant, which we think should be given to the country. General Grant, on the occasion we refer to, had introduced to the three persons who were present, the subject of General Sheridan's late despatch in relation to the Attorney-General's opinion; and, with the view of justifying its style, explained, that it was in the nature of a personal despatch to him (not intended as an official response to that opinion), and consequently not meant for publication. "Nevertheless," said the General, "I read a copy of it in the newspaper before I received the original, and I am curious to learn how such a result could have come about." The General then went on to say, that Sheridan's despatch was almost in the nature of a confidential communication, and that it was characterized by an easy frankness, which was a leading feature of Sheridan's character. He was, consequently, sorry to see that the papers were making such a noise about it; but attributed this fierceness of the attack in Louisiana, to the fact that Sheridan was not in with any of the "rings" down there, and that they consequently hated him heartily, and therefore fell upon him altogether. Warming with his subject, General Grant further remarked, that "the public did not thoroughly understand Sheridan. He had popularity enough, it was true; in fact, all that a man could desire, but not *appreciation*. He was a much broader man than was generally supposed. He was usually regarded merely as a brave, off-hand, downright fighter, with not much calculation; but he was in reality a man of fine judgment, and fully capable of handling, under any circumstances, all the armies the United States ever had together!" This was said with great animation, and, after a moment's pause, was repeated with an increased emphasis. The surprising generosity of such a declaration as this, from a man who it would naturally be supposed, would crave such commanding glory solely to himself, made a deep impression on those of us who heard it, and the childlike earnestness and simplicity with which the words were uttered, carried the conviction, that they came spontaneously from a big heart and a great nature. After this evidence of magnanimity and self-negation on the part of General Grant, the most jealous patriot need have no fears of the integrity and faithfulness with which he will perform his duties, in whatever station he may be called upon to fill. Such men as he do not betray.

* * *

—We have no sympathy with those who are making such a terrible hub-bub over the execution of Maximilian. That would-be monarch was forced upon the Mexican people by French bayonets; and he himself commenced the bloody business of taking life by ordering several of the liberal generals, who, in the fortunes of war, had fallen into his hands, to be shot. "What is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander."

* * *

—The Brooklyn *Press* is the name of a new daily paper just started on the opposite side of the East River. It is edited by Joseph Howard, Jr., and is one of the most readable, lively, sparkling journals on our exchange list. How he can find time to act as chief editor of a daily paper, and at the same time keep up his regular contributions to half a dozen other journals, is beyond our comprehension.

FROM BROOK TO OCEAN.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Dear Silver Brook! thou flowest free
  Through rocks and roots and brambles;
Rememberest thou my love and me
  In old romantic rambles?

But, most of all, rememberest thou
  That afternoon of splendor,
When Nannie heard my trembling vow,
  And answer made so tender?

We halted at thy stepping-stones
  Below the turnstile yonder,
Thou heardst our tongues in happy tones
  Grow fonder, still, and fonder.

That wave that near the willow slips,
  O'er sandy shallows fleeting,
Reflected pairs of lover-lips
  In tender transports meeting.

Thy near wild roses redder burned,
  Thy violets smiled more brightly,
And even the merry mill-wheel turned
  More quietly and lightly.

And, Silver Brook, *thy* sympathy
  Came rippling through the rushes,
And gave a note of softer glee
  To all thy happy gushes.

Still joyously the ripple runs
  Which hailed our soft emotion,
But the wave which glassed the happy ones
  Is now a part of ocean.

Dear Silver Brook! the tear-drop starts,
  A mist thy mirror covers:
Reserve its joy for other hearts,
  Its light for other lovers!

For those whose bright reflex it gave,
  With as swift and fleeting motion,
Passed out to sea with the truant wave,
  And are now a part of ocean!

◆

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE AMBASSADRESS' BALL.

I do not question what thou art,
  Nor what thy life in great or small;
Thou art, I know, what all my heart
  Must beat or break for. That is all.
OWEN MEREDITH.

The front of that handsome house in Cavendish Square, known then as the American Embassy, blazed with light. Not only the street before it, but the cross-streets around the corners were thronged with carriages.

Our Ambassadress was giving her first ball of the season and the élite of London were to honor it with their presence.

Many another house would have been crowded to suffocation with the company that assembled in this; but here, so spacious were the corridors and staircases, so *very* spacious the halls and saloons, that the seven hundred fair and noble guests wandered through the decorated and illumined rooms, refreshed by pleasant breezes and inspired by delightful music, and all without the usual accidents of crushed toilets and crossed tempers.

In the first reception room, near the entrance door, stood the distinguished ambassador and his accomplished wife receiving their friends with their usual cordiality. The ambassador wore the dress of a plain American citizen; the ambassadress was resplendent in mazarine blue velvet and diamonds.

At about half-past ten o'clock General Lyon and his party were announced and entered the first reception room.

The general and his nephew wore the stereotyped evening costume of gentlemen—the black dress-coat and black pantaloons and the white vest and white kid gloves.

Anna wore a mauve *crêpe*, looped up with white roses; and white roses in her hair and in her bosom, and pearls and amethysts on her neck and arms.

Drusilla's toilette was perfect. It was a full dress of priceless point lace over a pale maize-colored silk. In her hair, on her bosom, and looping up her dress, were clusters of snowdrops and crocuses, sprinkled with the dew-drops of fine diamonds. The effect of this simple and elegant toilette was rich, delicate and beautiful beyond comparison.

General Lyon and his young friends had to stand a few moments, while a groupe who had passed in before them paused to pay their respects to the host and hostess.

At length, when their own turn came, the general took precedence of his nephew and led Drusilla up to the ambassadress. First he shook hands heartily with his old friend the ambassador and bowed to the ambassadress, and then presented Drusilla as:

"My niece, Mrs. Lyon."

Drusilla curtsied deeply, and the minister and his wife received her kindly. And after a few common-place courtesies the general passed on to make room for Dick and Anna and also to look out for some of his own friends in the crowd.

But ah! what a suppressed buzz went through the room as the veteran passed, with the newest beauty of the season hanging on his arm.

"What an exquisite young creature!" lisped young Leslie, of the Guards.

"Who is she then?" inquired Beresford of the Hussars.

"Don't know, I am sure. Does anybody here? Do *you*, Kill.? You look as if you did," said Leslie, turning to Lord Killcrichtoun, who was standing like a statue staring after the retreating form of General Lyon and Drusilla, who were speedily lost in the crowd.

The question recalled him to himself.

"Do I—what?" he inquired, with assumed carelessness.

"Do you know that lovely girl who passed just now, hanging on the arm of that tall, gray-haired old gentleman?"

"What girl? I noticed no *girl* particularly."

"Chut! are you subject to catalepsy, Kill.?" laughed Leslie.

"But who *can* she be? Some girl that is just out, I suppose. Somebody must know. Let's go and ask Harry. He knows everything," said Beresford, moving off.

"Stop—find out who the old gentleman is first. He looks like a foreigner, and she must be his daughter," suggested the Guardsman.

"Oh! by the way! that is it!" suddenly exclaimed the Hussar.

"What is it? Have you made a discovery?"

"Yes! you said he looked like a foreigner; and so the whole thing flashed upon me at once. He is the Prince Waldemar Pullmynoseoff. Her Majesty received him yesterday. He has a daughter. The Princess Shirra."

"Why certainly! of course! undoubtedly! how could we have missed seeing it at once."

And so these young men, upon their own sole responsibility, settled the rank of the simple republican gentleman and lady.

And Alexander Lyon, or Lord Killcrichtoun, smiled as he heard this.

While they spoke several of their acquaintances came lounging up. One of them, a fair young man with straw-colored hair and moustache, spoke:

"We have just seen the loveliest little creature. Can any of you tell who she is?"

"Now, in the first place," said Leslie, maliciously, "where there are so many lovely creatures present, how are we to know which you mean?"

"Oh, you cannot mistake if you have seen her! the most perfect beauty of the season. She wore—— there now I cannot tell you what she wore; but her dress was the most elegant as she was the most beautiful in the room," persisted the young man, pulling at his fair moustache.

"Now look here, Duke—taste in beauty and taste in dress differ so much, you know. How can I tell what individual girl you mean when you talk of the most beautiful creature in the most elegant toilet in the room? Why, there are hundreds of beautiful women in elegant toilets present, and each one of them may be the *most* beautiful and the *most* elegant to some one else's particular fancy."

"Ah! bah, Leslie, that may be all very true of commonplace beauties; but I tell you, and you know it is true, that there are *some* beauties whom *every* body acknowledges to be pre-eminent; and of such is the sweet creature who passed here like a beam of sunshine—an exquisite creature! Stop chaffing now and tell me, if you know, who she is."

"Was she leaning on the arm of a tall, gray-haired gentleman?" asked Leslie, laughing.

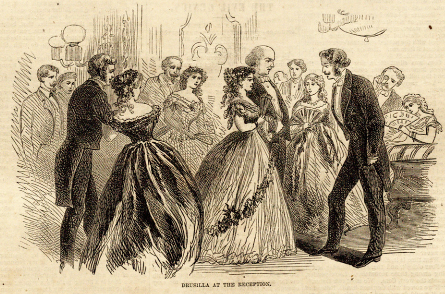
"Yes! yes!"

"Oh then, yes, I know her. She is the Princess Shirra, daughter of Prince Waldemar Pullmynoseoff. He is here on a visit; some say on a private mission. Her majesty received him yesterday."

"Daughter of old Pullmynoseoff. I'll go and get introduced," said the young duke, hurrying away.

Again Alexander laughed within himself. He was somewhat amused by the mistake those discerning gentlemen had made in supposing Drusilla to be the little Russian princess; but he was also bitterly jealous of the admiration so generally expressed for his beautiful, young, forsaken wife; and he was deeply indignant that men should take her for a girl to be wooed and won.

He followed the duke. He could not help it. He wanted to see the end of this adventure, in which the young duke went in search of Drusilla and the Princess Shirra, both in one. He followed him through the mazes of the whole suit of rooms; and everywhere he heard the same suppressed murmur of admiration, curiosity and conjecture of which the new beauty was the subject. Others beside the group of officers took her for the newly-arrived Russian Princess.



DRUSILLA AT THE RECEPTION.

"Look at her diamonds—a shower of dew-drops over her flowers," murmured one lady.

"They cannot *all* be real. Some must be paste among so many," objected another.

"Paste! Look at her point-lace dress, then, more costly still than her diamonds. *None* but a princess of the highest rank could wear such a priceless robe."

Alexander passed on, leaving these people to their dispute, and followed the young duke until he stopped before a group of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies were seated on the sofa, and the gentlemen were standing before them.

The duke bowed and exchanged the courtesies of the evening, and then, turning to one of the gentlemen, said:

"Lord John, you presented the Prince Waldemar Pullmynoseoff to Her Majesty yesterday. Will you be good enough to present me to the Prince this evening?"

"With pleasure, Lillespont. Come!" said the Lord John, at once turning to lead the way.

"I think his daughter decidedly the most beautiful woman in the house," said the Duke of Lillespont, as they threaded their way through the crowd, closely followed by Alexander. "Unquestionably the most beautiful woman here," repeated His Grace, as if challenging contradiction.

"Do you? I am rather surprised to hear you say so," observed Lord John.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen—that is, if one may call so young a creature a woman at all," he added.

"Young?" repeated Lord John, raising his eyebrows. "Ah, but then you are at a time of life when all women's ages are alike, I suppose."

And, saying this in a rather low tone, Lord John paused before a gentleman and lady seated on a sofa, around which quite a court of worshippers were gathered.

Waiting for a few minutes for a fair opportunity, and then gently making his way through the circle, Lord John took his protégé, and said:

"Prince, permit me to present to your Highness the Duke of Lillespont: Duke,—Prince Waldemar Pullmynoseoff!"

And, before the young duke could recover from his surprise and disappointment, he found himself bowing deeply before a little, dry, rusty, scrubby, hairy old gentleman, who looked more like a very aged and very cunning monkey than a man, not to say a prince. However, he was certainly a European celebrity, filled full of diplomacy, covered over with orders, and possessed of a string of titles—all told—a yard and a quarter long. So the duke bolted his disappointment and bowed his body low before the royal and venerable mummy.

And then he was presented to a little, withered woman, very like the prince, and looking very little younger, but so covered with jewels of all sizes and colors that she presented the idea of an elderly fire-fly.

Again the duke bowed low, and exerted himself to be agreeable, but he was very glad when the coming up of another party gave him an excuse to make his final bow and withdraw.

Alexander, grinning like Mephistophiles, still followed.

"I was quite mistaken in the princess. It was another whom I took to be Prince Waldemar's daughter," said Lillespont, deeply annoyed that he should have led any one to believe so ill of his taste as that he should have fallen in love with the elderly firefly.

"Hem! I thought you had made some mistake of the sort," said Lord John, kindly.

"Oh, yes, quite another sort of person! a lovely young creature, just out of the school-room I should say. Ah, there—there she is now, sitting within that window!" suddenly exclaimed the young man as an opening in the crowd, like a rift in the clouds, showed a vista at the farther end of which was a bay-window lined with lilies and roses and occupied by General Lyon and his party, and by a select circle of their particular friends.

"There! that lovely, dark-eyed houri, looking the very spirit of spring and youth—clothed with sunshine, adorned with flowers, and spangled with diamond-dew! Do you know her?"

"Know her? Stop,—let me see. I know that party she is with. I met them here at this house a few mornings ago. Let me see,—there is General Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, and—yes, the young creature you admire so justly is Mrs. Lyon."

"'*Mrs.*'—did you mean to say 'Mrs.?'"

"Yes, 'Mrs.' I remember perfectly well being as much surprised as you are at seeing so child-like a creature introduced by a matronly title."

"But she is never the wife of that old man? It would not—that sort of union—be May and December, it would be April and January!"

"Oh, no, she is not his wife—she is his niece, I think. Yes, I am sure he introduced her as his niece, Mrs. Lyon."

"*Mrs.* Lyon? that child."

"Well, I tell you, I was as much surprised as you are to hear her called so; but then I reflected that in America, as in all young nations, people marry at a very early age."

"Ah! but where is *Mr.* Lyon?" very pertinently inquired Lilliespont.

"Oh, Mr. Lyon? I don't know that there is any Mr. Lyon. I have somehow or other received the impression that this childish beauty is a young widow, and a very wealthy one also."

"A youthful, beautiful, and wealthy widow," said Lilliespont, musingly. "Lord John, you say you know her,—will you introduce me?"

"With pleasure,—come," said the elder man, leading the way to the bay-window.

Alexander followed them no farther, but muttering to himself:

"Ass, puppy, coxcomb!" and other injurious epithets—probably applied to Lilliespont—withdrew to a convenient spot from which, unseen, he could see all that might be going on in the bay-window.

He saw the old gentleman called Lord John take Lilliespont up and present him to General Lyon, who forthwith presented him to the ladies of his party. And next he saw the young duke bow deeply to Drusilla, and make some request, to which she graciously responded. And then he saw her rise and give her hand to Lilliespont, who, with the air of a conqueror, led her off.

Alexander ground his teeth together with rage and jealousy.

They passed down the room and onward towards the dancing saloon, where new quadrilles were being formed. And the duke led his beautiful partner to the head of one set. And there as every where else a low, half-suppressed, but sincere murmur of admiration followed her.

Alexander foamed with fury, and hurried away from the scene because he could not trust himself to remain.

Of course he had not the least right to be jealous or indignant, but just *because* he had no such right—and he knew it—he was all the more furious. It enraged him to see her looking so beautiful, blooming, happy, and independent of him, enjoying herself and exciting universal admiration in society, when he thought, by rights, she ought to be pale, and sad, and moping in some obscure place. It infuriated him to see her the object of another man's homage.

"And that puppy, perdition seize him! takes her to be a young widow! is thinking now perhaps of asking her to be his wife! His wife!" And here Alexander ground down unuttered curses between his set teeth.

Ah, could he have looked into his young wife's heart, his anger must have been appeased. Could he have seen how little she cared for all the homage she received, except in so much as it might make her more worthy in his eyes! Truly she smiled on the young duke at her side—not because he was young and handsome and a duke, but because it was her sunny, genial, grateful nature to smile on all who tried to please her. Yes! to smile on all who tried to please *her*, while from the depth of her heart she sighed to please but one on earth.

Alexander found food enough for his insane jealousy. Drusilla was the acknowledged beauty of the season. Everywhere he heard her murmured praises. Every one supposed her to be a young widow. Some genius, indebted to his imagination for his facts, had fancied that because Mrs. Lyon, the supposed young widow, was niece-in-law to old General Lyon, therefore the husband of Mrs. Lyon had been a military officer who had been killed in the war between the United States and Mexico; and had so effectually started the report that before the evening was over every one had heard that Captain Lyon had been shot while gallantly leading his company at the storming of Chepultepec. Of course this report never once reached the ears of the general or Mrs. Lyon, or of Mr. or Mrs. Hammond. Reports seldom do reach the ears of those most concerned in them; and false reports never.

But Alexander was doomed to hear it all.

"Kill. have you seen the newest beauty out?" inquired young Hepsworth of the Dragoons. "There she is dancing with Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden. She is engaged ten sets deep; but I come in at the eleventh for the Lancers. That is after supper. Look at her now, as she turns. Isn't she perfect? just perfect?"

"Who is she?" growled Alexander, feeling himself called upon to say something.

"Who is she? Not Satan in the form of an angel of light, as one might judge from the tone of your question. She is Mrs. Lyon, a young widow, though you would hardly suppose her ever to have been a wife. But you know how early girls marry in America, stepping from the cradle to the altar, one might say. However, that young creature has been married and widowed. Husband, gallant fellow, lost his life in leading a forlorn hope in the storming of Chehuaple—Chehuapaw—Chehua-peltemback, or some such barbarously named place."

"Oh! he did, did he?"

"Oh, yes, bless you! And I am very much obliged to him for doing so; but she was perfectly inconsolable for three years. But she has at last left off her weeds, as you see. And we may suppose she is in the market."

"Ah! she is, is she?"

"Oh, yes! Lovely creature! And *stu*-PEN-*dously* rich too!" exclaimed the dragoon.

"Oh, she is rich?" sneered Alexander.

"Rich? She's a California Crœsus! A great catch for some fortunate fellow!"

It would not do to take a gentleman by the throat and shake him there in the ambassadress's drawing-room; yet Alexander could scarcely refrain from laying hands on the dragoon, who continued very innocently piling up wrath.

"Do you know, I think Lilliespont is taken? Lilliespont who has escaped all the man-traps set for him for the last four years, since he first appeared in the world? But then this young creature is such a perfect novelty! It would be of no use for a captain of dragoons to enter the lists against a duke, else hang me if did not go in for the little beauty myself," said the young officer, complacently drawing himself up, sticking out a neat leg, and caressing his moustache.

"You are an ass!" exclaimed Alexander, turning on his heel and walking away.

The astonished dragoon gazed after him in a sort of sort of stupor, and then, still pawing at his moustache, muttered:

"Per Bacco! what a rude savage! Very great bore; but I shall have to challenge him. And hang me if I have the least idea what the row is about. However, I must stay here until I keep my engagement with the little beauty for the Lancers, and then—to teach that uncivilized brute that he is not to indulge his savage propensities in ladies' drawing-rooms."

And so saying, the young fellow, who, with all his effeminacy, was brave enough, sauntered away to look up a brother officer to act as his second, and afterwards to wait for his partner in the Lancers, his mind being equally occupied by the thoughts of dancing and duelling.

Meanwhile, Alexander had moved to another standpoint, from which, unseen by her, he could follow every movement of his beautiful and admired young wife.

"I suppose," he muttered to himself, "I shall have to meet that young coxcomb. For after what I said to him, unless he is a poltroon as well as a puppy, he will challenge me. Well! I don't care a rush for my own life, and it is not likely that I should care for his——Yes! and by all that is maddening, there is another fellow I shall have to fight!" he exclaimed, as he watched Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden, who was bestowing on the beauty of the evening much more devotion than was at all necessary to show to a mere partner in the dance.

Just then the dance came to an end, and his Highness led Drusilla back to her seat beside Mrs. Hammond in the bay window.

Alexander followed, keeping out of her sight.

"I fear you are very much fatigued," said Prince Ernest, still retaining her hand, and gazing with respectful tenderness upon her flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes. "Let me bring you an ice," he continued, with affectionate solicitude.

"No, thanks," said Drusilla, courteously, but withdrawing her hand.

"A glass of water then?"

"Nothing, thanks."

"The rooms are very warm. Will you permit me to take you into the conservatory. It is open and airy there."

"Much obliged; but I am very well here," said Drusilla, sweetly.

"Permit me this privilege at least," pleaded the prince, gently possessing himself of her fan and beginning to fan her.

Alexander set his teeth and ground his heel into the floor, growling within himself:

"Confound him, what does he mean? I know I shall have to fight him!"

But if Alexander meant to call out all Drusilla's admirers, who, believing her to be a widow, were ready to become her lovers, he would have his hands as full of fights as the most furious fire-eater might desire.

While Prince Ernest was still standing before Drusilla, fanning her, and in every admissable manner exhibiting his devotion to her, a very handsome, martial looking man, of about thirty years of age, wearing the uniform of an Austrian field marshal, and having his breast covered with orders, came up and, bowing low before the beauty, claimed her hand for the quadrille then forming.

Alexander knew him for General Count Molaski, an officer high in the Austrian service, and one of the most distinguished foreigners then in London. He led his lovely partner to the floor, where she was soon moving gracefully through the mazes of the dance.

"Her head will be turned!—her head will be completely turned! Who would ever have dreamed of her coming *here* to play the *rôle* of a beauty—of a queen of beauties—in society! Aye, and with a fortune of her own, and the countenance of General Lyon's family to sustain her in it. Perdition! I wish to Heaven she had never left Cedarwood—never inherited that fortune—never been taken up by that old Don Quixote, my uncle! *Then* I might have had some chance of a reconciliation with her; but now—— I have no hope at all. If she has not already forgotten me, these flatterers will soon make her do so. Ah! great Heaven, I was certainly blind and mad ever to have left her! I always loved her—when did I love her not? And to have left her whom I did love for Anna whom I only admired! Why, look at Anna now. Only what is commonly called a fine woman here. There are a hundred in this room as pretty as Anna; but look at Drusilla, my wife—she *is* my wife, after all! She is the most beautiful woman present, and the best dressed. *My* choice has been endorsed by the verdict of the best judges of beauty the world possessess. She *was* my choice. *I* thought her all that these judges have decided her to be. Yes, yes, I thought her so when she was without the adventitious aids of wealth, rank, dress, and general admiration to enhance her charms! How could I have left her? I was mad—just mad! No lunatic in Bedlam ever madder!"

By this it will be seen that Alexander Lyon, Lord Killcrichtoun, had in his heart—for no one knows how long—returned to his first love—perhaps his only love—and was now consuming with a hopeless passion for his own discarded wife.

"When I first saw our boy, what a shock of mingled joy and pain the sight gave me! I scarcely needed the chambermaid's information that he was Mrs. Lyon's little son. I knew him at once from his likeness to his mother. True, he has the hair and eyes of our family, but he has his mother's beautiful brows and sweet lips. Ah! what a dolt! what an ass! what a pig I have been!" inwardly groaned Alexander, still grinding his teeth together.

But soon his rage was diverted from himself to Drusilla's partner.

"There she goes," he muttered—"swimming through the dance as happily as if I were not in existence, and were not so wretched. And, set fire to that fellow! how his eyes follow her and seem to feast—— Ugh! yes, I will be shot if I don't call him out!"

"Hallo Kill'! how do you do? Good evening. Fine company assembled here this evening. Good many distinguished foreigners present—nearly the whole diplomatic corps also. But all that is nothing to the debut of the celebrated beauty. You know her, of course," said young Frederic Dorimas, coming up to Alexander's side. "You know her?"

"Know whom?" said Drusilla's husband, evasively.

"Why, the beautiful young widow who is turning all heads here this evening."

"No, I know no young widow here."

"Then you are a very lucky fellow in having such a pleasure still to come; and I shall be happy to present you. Now, no thanks, my dear fellow, because I don't deserve them. My own heart and hand being already engaged to another young lady, I am not free to become a candidate for the beautiful widow's favor, and so I will not play the part of the dog in the manger. Come as soon as this dance is over, and I will take you up and introduce you."

"Much obliged; but I prefer to decline the honor," said Alexander, coldly bowing and turning away from his new tormentor.

"Eh, Kill., not dancing this evening? and looking as glum as if you had lost a sweetheart or a fortune. What's the matter? Did you bet on a losing horse, or fail to get an introduction to the lovely Mrs. Lyon?"

"Go to the demon with your lovely Mrs. Lyon!" burst out the sorely tried Alick.

"With great pleasure, or anywhere else in the universe with *her*. But, hark you, my lord! I am not accustomed to receive such answers from gentlemen; and by my life, sir——"

But Alexander had turned on his heel and walked off again, leaving the last speaker in the middle of his speech.

Alick in his utter wretchedness was behaving very much like a brute. He had already insulted one gentleman and affronted another. He was sure of being called out by young Hepsworth of the dragoons, and he was strongly inclined to call out some half dozen other gentlemen who had been guilty of dancing with Drusilla and delighting in the honor.

He passed on, growling inward curses, and so for some moments lost sight of his young wife.

When he saw her next, she was seated in the bay window, with her court of worshippers around her. She alone occupied the sofa.

General Lyon was standing at some distance with a group of old friends that he had been so fortunate as to collect together.

Anna was waltzing with Henry Spencer.

Dick was waltzing with Nanny Seymour.

Drusilla never waltzed, and therefore for the time she was sitting alone on the sofa with her court standing around her.

There were Prince Ernest of Hohenlinden, General Count Molaski, the Duke of Lilliespont, and one or two others of the same class.

Drusilla exhibited none of the awkwardness of a novice under such trying circumstances. The only lady in the circle, she was nevertheless not only self-possessed and graceful, but she was animated and witty. She kept the ball of conversation quickly flying back and forth, so that those about her forgot the passage of time until the cessation of the waltz music and the commencement of a march, followed by a general movement of the company in one direction, proclaimed the opening of the supper rooms.

With a bow, Prince Ernest asked the honor of taking Mrs. Lyon into supper.

With a smile of thanks, she accepted the courtesy, and arose.

And he drew her arm within his own, and proudly led her off.

They passed so near Alexander that he might have stepped upon her dress. But she never turned her eyes in his direction.

"She has forgotten me—clearly and finally forgotten me! But I will be hanged if I don't make somebody sensible of my existence before the night is over!" said Alexander to himself as he followed them.

At supper the prince waited on the beauty with as much devotion as ever courtier offered to his queen.

Near them stood Anna, served by Henry Spencer, and Nanny Seymour waited on by Dick.

There was really nothing at which Alexander had the least right to take exception. Yet his blood was boiling with jealousy so that he was actually almost frenzied.

After supper Prince Ernest led Drusilla back to her seat, and stood devoting himself to her service until the next dance was called and Captain Hepsworth came up to claim her as his partner in the Lancers.

Very sweetly Drusilla smiled on the young dragoon, as she gave him her hand and let him lead her forth to the dance.

But not Drusilla's smile of courtesy nor the young officer's simper of gratified vanity enraged Alick half so much as the air and manner assumed by Prince Ernest.

He, the prince, gazed after the retreating form of the beauty until she was lost in the crowd, and then with a profound sigh he took possession of her vacated seat, picked up a flower that might or might not have fallen from her bouquet, pressed it to his lips and put it in his bosom.

"I'll kill him for that, or he shall kill me! I hardly care which!" growled the maniac in the depths of his heart. He would have liked to throttle his Highness on the spot; and in refraining from doing so he only postponed his vengeance.

When the Lancers came to an end Drusilla returned, obsequiously attended by the young dragoon, and followed by General Lyon and all the members of her party.

Prince Ernest started up from the sofa and with respectful tenderness took Drusilla's hand and placed her in her seat, and remained standing beside her.

"My dear, it is four o'clock, and you look very tired—had we not better go?" inquired General Lyon, speaking in a low tone to Drusilla.

"Just as you and Anna please, dear uncle. As for myself, I am quite ready," she replied.

"So am I," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Come then," said the general, offering his arm to Drusilla.

"Pardon me, sir, if you please. I will have the honor to attend Madam!" exclaimed Prince Ernest.

With a bow and a queer smile the general gave way.

And the prince, bending before the beauty, took her hand and drew her arm within his own and led her on.

And Alexander from his covert saw all this; and breathing maledictions, followed them, first to the presence of the ambassador and ambassadress, before whom they paused to make their adieu, then to the cloak room, where he saw Prince Ernest take Drusilla's bouquet and hold it with one hand, while with the other hand he carefully wrapped her in her mantle; then he followed them down stairs to the hall, where they all had to stop and wait some time before their carriage could come up—and finally to the sidewalk, where he saw Prince Ernest carefully place Drusilla in her carriage, and tenderly lift her hand to his lips as he bade her good-night. Saw him then gaze upon the faded bouquet that he had taken from the beauty, who had probably forgotten to reclaim it—gaze upon it, press it to his lips, and place it, as some priceless treasure, in the breast of his coat.

That last act of folly filled up the measure of the prince's offences. It maddened Alexander. Henceforth he was no more responsible for his actions than a lunatic.

Going up to Prince Ernest, he clapped him smartly upon the shoulder.

The prince whirled around with an involuntary expression of surprise and anger.

"You, sir, I want a word with you!" exclaimed Alexander, breathing hard between his set teeth.

"At your pleasure, sare, perhaps! But, first, who may you be?" replied his highness, with cool hauteur.

"There is my card, sir! I would be glad to have yours!"

"'Baron Kilcrichtoun?' I do not know the name or title. Well, Baron, what is your will with me?"

"First, sir, that bouquet, which you have had the insolence to keep! Secondly, sir, satisfaction for the insults you have offered to a lady who is near and dear to me!"

"Insults!" exclaimed the excitable Austrian, jumping off his feet. "Insults! sare, I never offer insults to a lady in my life! Sare, you speak von untruth! Sare, you speak von large lie! Sare, it is I, myself, I, who will have von grand satisfaction!"

"So you shall! but first give me that bouquet!"

"Sare, I will give you no bouquet! Sare, I defend my bouquet with the best blood of my heart! Sare, by what right you demand my bouquet?"

"By a right too sacred to be talked of here! Give me the bouquet that you have stolen!"

"'Stolen!'" cried his highness, vaulting into the air. "Sare, I will put back that word down your t'roat with the point of my rapier, sare! I will have one grand, von very grand satisfaction, sare!"

"All right! I will send a friend to you this morning, to arrange the terms of a meeting," said Alexander, turning away.

"Make your testament, sare! I advise you, set your house in order, sare!" exclaimed the Austrian, shaking his hand aloft. "Make your testament, sare! for, for me, myself, I will have von grand satisfaction! von very grand satisfaction!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AN ADVENTURE ON LAKE GEORGE.

"How lonely it is! oh, how lonely it is!"

The exclamation broke almost unconsciously from Ethel Raynor's lips, as she stood at the hotel window, looking down at the crystal beauty of Lake George, flashing back the morning sunshine and surrounded by purple peaks, as a diamond of the purest water gleams out from a setting of dim amethysts! In all her "two seasons" of New-York society, Ethel had seen nothing so beautiful as this.

Mrs. Ward lifted her head from the enormous trunk she was busied in investigating, with an absent, puzzled sort of look.

"What did you say, Ethel?—oh, yes, very pretty. Are you going to wear the white dress to-day, my dear, or the blue grenadine with the silver trimming?"

"What difference can it possibly make, aunty?" said Ethel, almost petulantly.

It was not pleasant to have the solemn epic of the beautiful lake disturbed by the petty questions of dress and display.

Mrs. Ward rose solemnly to her feet.

"Ethel, I'm astonished at you! If I didn't know that you are too sensible a girl to give way to any such absurdities, I should say that you were in love!"

The sudden scarlet mantled on Ethel's face. She moved away from the window into the shadow of the friendly curtain.

"Aunty, I'm going out for a little while."

"Going out?"

"To row on the lake. I am stifling in this fevered atmosphere!"

Ten minutes afterward Ethel, in company with a fairy-like little companion—Cora Steele—was gliding over the glassy tides of the beautiful lake in a tiny row-boat, urged along by the motion of their own resolute arms.

"Isn't this glorious?" said Cora, breaking into a peal of gleeful laughter. "Oh, Ethel, isn't it better than sitting up in state in the hotel parlors?"

"Better," repeated Ethel, musingly. "Cora, I sometimes wish that I could live up among yonder mountains, with only the trees and the rocks and the grand solitude for my neighbors; or else that I was dead and buried under these peaceful tides!"

Cora laid down her oars and leaned back, so that her eyes were gazing directly into Ethel's own.

"Ethel," she said, "do you know that you are greatly changed since I met you here last summer?"

"I know it."

Cora could feel a crystal drop among her bright tresses—a drop that was not the silvery spray of the oars, nor yet cool dew from the overhanging woods under which they floated along.

"You are not happy, Ethel?" she whispered.

"No, I am not, and never shall be happy. Don't let us talk about it any more, Cora."

"But I want to talk about it, Ethel," said Cora, wistfully. "Dearest Ethel, tell me why you are unhappy."

"Because I have been a fool," said Ethel, recklessly, as she drew her fingers through the rippling water, apparently engrossed in watching the diamond sparkles—"because I have played with the noblest heart that ever throbbed, and cast it from me. *Now* do you wonder that I am miserable?"

Cora was silent for a few moments. Her sweet, ingenuous nature could scarce comprehend the full extent of her friend's trials.

"You mean Ruthyn Gray?" she said, at length.

"Yes, I mean Ruthyn Gray."

"Ethel, surely you never could have trifled with *him*."

"I could, and I did. I think I must have been mad, or infatuated, Cora. I think there are times when we seem rather to be under the dominion of evil spirits than acting according to our own natures."

"He asked you to marry him and you refused?"

"Yes."

"And now that it is too late, you have discovered that you were mistaken in your own feelings?"

"I have discovered that my life's happiness is blighted by my own act. Take care, Cora, we are drifting too near that island; you had better resume your oars once more."

And through all the delicious hours of the August morning, jewelled with sunshine, and musical with the slow dip of chiming oars, the two girls floated on, now passing through odorous belts of shadow, now skirting fairy islands; but the subject that lay nearest both their hearts was never even broached again.

"What time is it, Ethel?"

"Four o'clock, and there is a thunder storm rising among those mountains. Look yonder, towards the west, Cora. We must row faster."

"If we rowed with fourteen hands, instead of four, it would do no good," said wise little Cora, as she eyed the lurid, heavy-piled mass of vapor that was steadily rolling up above the horizon. "I don't know what we were dreaming of, not to have noticed it before. No, we cannot reach home; we had better put into shore somewhere. There ought to be an old ruinous cabin not far from here, with a blasted pine tree hanging over it—and there it is now. I thought so. Pull, Ethel, the clouds are getting blacker every instant. Do you know, I've always longed for a real adventure, and I think it is coming now."

Ethel smiled. The exercise was bringing a soft carmine glow into her cheeks which became her wonderfully well.

"Let us sit here a few minutes," said she, when the boat was moored to the overhanging trunk of a silver birch-tree. "This is such a shady nook, and the water is so clear, and the coming storm makes the air so deliciously cool."

Cora nestled down on the velvet grass beside her companion, without a word, leaning back against an almost perpendicular rock which ran straight up for about six feet, and then shelved backward, forming a flat surface, covered with tangled bushes, fragrant ferns and trailing draperies of vine-leaves.

"Ethel," said Cora, suddenly, laying her cheek upon her companion's shoulder, "do you love Ruthyn Gray?"

"Yes."

"And do you think he still loves you?"

"I think his nature is one that, once having formed an attachment, would be slow to relinquish it," said Ethel, softly and dreamily.

"Then why on earth don't you write to him, Ethel?"

"Write to him?"

"Yes, and tell him that you have been a goose and that you're heartily ashamed of yourself, and don't mean ever to do it any more. Why don't you, Ethel?"

"Never!" The scarlet tides rose to Ethel's fair temples, like a torrent—she hid her face in her slender hands. "Oh, Cora, never!"

"Love is a curious kind of an epidemic," said the blue-eyed little philosopher, thoughtfully tossing bits of grass down into the water. "And I, for one, can't understand its symptoms. When a word would set all right between you——"

"That word will never be spoken," said Ethel, rising with calm dignity. "Come, Cora, it will rain very soon."

But Cora's only answer was a wild cry of terror.

"The boat! the boat! Ethel, it has loosed its moorings! it is floating off!"

Ethel stood transfixed with alarm. The little barque had indeed played them false, and was slowly receding farther and farther from the shore, leaving them almost as desolate and helpless as Juan Fernandez on his desert island.

"Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" exclaimed Cora, clasping her hands wildly together.

But the words had scarcely left her lips when there was a slight rustle among the ferns and bushes overhead—a parting of the silver birches that grew beside them, and the next instant a tall figure, robed in picturesque hunting costume, plunged into the lake, and striking boldly out through the clear waters, caught the floating rope and drew the little boat safely ashore. What a welcome sound was the grating of the tiny keel on the sand and pebbles to Cora's strained ear!

Ethel came forward to thank the tall apparition, who stood dripping among the trees; but as his eyes met hers, the words died away upon her tongue into a faint, voiceless murmur. Cora uttered a little hysteric cry.

"Ethel! it is Ruthyn Gray!"

It was Ruthyn Gray; but there was a brightness on his brow, a strange, inscrutable light in his eye, that neither of the girls had ever witnessed there before. He advanced a step or two, and took Ethel's hand in both of his.

"Ethel, I had no intention of eavesdropping, but I could not avoid hearing the voices that aroused me from my slumbers among the bushes and sweet ferns overhead. I had been hunting all the morning, and was tired and wearied out, and——"

"What did you hear?" murmured Ethel, feeling as if every drop of blood in her being was concentrated in her cheeks and forehead.

"Enough to make me the happiest mortal in existence. There—don't blush, darling; it has been a long enigma, but it is solved at last. Do you hear the big drops pattering down among the leaves? Come, Cora, we must take shelter in the ruined cabin that has been my hunting quarters for the last two weeks."

"You have been here for two weeks?"

"Yes—just the length of time you have spent at the lake. Do you wonder at my knowledge of your movements? Ethel, my heart has followed you faithfully since last we parted, and I was content to be near you, even though you were unconscious of it."

Half an hour afterwards, when Lake George was all a sparkle in the sunshine once more, and every bush and tree that lined the shores was glittering with bright, swinging drops, the little boat again pushed off from the strand, and this time there were three passengers. Ruthyn Gray sat at the helm, as handsome as a Mohawk prince, in his hunting costume, and the dark hair pushed away from his sunburned forehead.

And in all the beautiful experiences of her after life, Ethel held most dear and precious that summer day upon the beautiful banks of Lake George, the fairest jewel in all the Northern diadem of waters!

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On a cold, blustering evening in November, Fenton set out for the Glades to warn Inez of the necessity which forced him, *for a season*, to leave her. He had no intention of telling her the whole truth; that would be too severe a blow to deal her trusting heart at once. He meant to use his best efforts to soften his mother, and, if possible, gain her consent to his marriage with Inez, though he had little hope of success.

If Mrs. Markland could only be induced to continue his present liberal allowance after their union, he would return and redeem his troth before the winter ended. If she refused to do this, Inez must gradually learn the blight that had fallen on her happiness; for Fenton could not, he dared not, lay bare before her the wretched doubts and uncertainties that filled his own mind.

With the feeling of a criminal about to receive sentence, Fenton dismounted at the door of the old house and demanded admittance. Mrs. Perkins opened it, carrying Bijou in her arms and followed by Don Bobtail. By her efforts a permanent truce had been effected between the two pets, and they now lived together in perfect amity. The woman herself looked far happier than during her days of attendance on Mrs. Hawks, and she was evidently glad to welcome Fenton, for she blithely said:

"Miss Inez is playing backgammon with her pa, but now you have come Mr. Fenton, she'll have a holiday, and Mr. Lopez will put up with me for an antagonist. He can beat me easy enough, and that is all he cares for."

In a low tone Fenton replied:

"Be sure to interest him sufficiently to allow me a long talk with Inez, Mrs. Perkins, for I have something important to say to her to-night."

"So you always have, sir; but I hope there's nothing wrong? You don't look like yourself this evening."

"Don't I? Well, that is easily accounted for, for I am chilled through and a little tired, for I have had a great deal to attend to to-day. Nothing has gone right of late, and I am a little out of sorts—that is all."

Mrs. Perkins advanced a step nearer and in a mysterious tone said:

"Don't be fretting, Mr. Fenton, about the trustees taking possession of the money Miss Inez ought to have, for somehow I feel sure that she'll get it yet. There's a Providence, you know, sir, that rules all things for good to them that trust in it, and I know that things will come right yet for my dear young lady. I dream every night that I see her decked with pearls and diamonds and dressed in gold cloth, and I never had such dreams about any one that they did not come to great good fortune."

With a constrained laugh Fenton said:

"I only wish I had your faith, Mrs. Perkins, for it would be worth a great deal to me just now. I shall find Mr. Lopez and his daughter in the usual room, I suppose?"

"No, sir; I came to take you to the new parlor Miss Inez has had fitted up. She kept it secret, as a surprise for you when it was all ready, and a pretty taste the dear child has. Oh, Mr. Fenton, you will have the sweetest wife in the world when you and she are married, and I do hope that you'll be as happy together as the angels in Heaven. I am sure you both deserve it."

"She does, I know, but as to myself, I am afraid there is not much of the angelic about me. But lead the way, if you please, for I am impatient to see Inez with her new surroundings."

Thus admonished, Mrs. Perkins crossed the hall and unclosed a door opposite to the one opening into the apartment of Mr. Lopez. A scene was revealed that struck the visitor as the perfection of comfort and good taste.

The room was of medium size, with a large bay window on one side draped with crimson hangings. The floor was covered with a Brussels carpet, the prevailing hue of which was the same rich, warm color, and on the hearth a bright wood fire was burning.

The furniture was all new and selected with perfect taste, and two large chairs were drawn up in front of the hearth with a table between them on which the backgammon board rested.

Inez had not been permitted by her irate father to wear mourning for her aunt, after he felt assured that she had been disinherited; she was dressed in a crimson merino, embroidered with black, with a knot of ribbon of the same hue drawn through the massive folds of her raven hair. She looked magnificently handsome, though rather weary, and her father was vociferously shaking the dice in his box before making his throw.

"Sixes twice in succession! I declare, Inez, such luck as that is enough to defeat the best playing. But if I get a doublet in my turn, I will beat you yet, though the odds are so much against me."

"I hope you will get them, papa, for I do not care to win. Oh! here is Godfrey at last!" and she sprang up with a smile of such beaming welcome, that sad as Fenton's heart was, he was thrilled with delight.

"So—you have come at the eleventh hour," said Mr. Lopez, with a flash of his black eyes which showed that he was not in one of his best moods. "A short time back we did not have to wait till evening to welcome you to the Glades, Godfrey; and after Inez had taken the pains to fix up this room as a pleasant surprise for you, I began to think that you did not intend to come and see it till after its first freshness was gone."

"That was speculating on impossibilities, my dear sir, for you knew that I should not fail to come hither at the first practicable moment. I have been constantly engaged for the last few days, and I have only snatched a few hours from business to come out now. This room is indeed a charming surprise, for it is fitted up with extreme taste. I hope that you will enjoy it as much as your daughter intended you should when she furnished it."

"Oh! it wasn't done for *me*. I like my own den better than any other place; but in the new state of things that will be inaugurated with my daughter's marriage with you, I agreed that we must have some of the disused rooms painted and furnished up. Inez has done her part very deftly, and the expense has not been greater than we could afford with our increased income. A thousand a year is wealth to us, you know, after living so long on little more than half that sum."

Fenton winced a little at the reference to an union which he had reluctantly made up his mind would never take place. But he smiled, and replied:

"It was well thought of, I am sure; and I am most flattered and grateful."

"Of course, of course. But pray enlighten me as to the nature of the important business you spoke of. Since my affairs were so well settled by you, I had no idea that you had any other occupation than to amuse yourself."

With a half sigh, Fenton sunk into the chair Mrs. Perkins placed for him, and slowly said:

"Until a few hours ago, that was the case; but an imperative summons from my mother, who is ill, has reached me, and I must set out for Mississippi to-morrow. I have been busy making arrangements for my departure, or I should have been here many hours ago."

At this announcement Inez sunk back, pale and trembling, and her father angrily said:

"I do not understand you, Mr. Fenton. I have been under the impression that, before you leave for your southern home, you would be united to my daughter. I hope that the loss of her fortune has nothing to do with this change in your intentions?"

"Oh, papa," remonstrated Inez, in a faint tone, "pray do not speak thus. You wrong Godfrey cruelly by such an insinuation."

Fenton turned toward her, and fervently said:

"Yes, he does wrong me, Inez; for, if ever a man adoringly loved a woman, I love you. The dearest hope of my life is to call you mine, but it is right for me to do all that lies in my power to gain my mother's consent to our union before it takes place. Her letters leave me no room to hope that anything can be accomplished unless we meet face to face, and I set my will against hers in such an encounter as must eventually give me the victory. Besides, she is really ill; she has summoned me to her bed-side; and, if I fail to go at once, she may die, refusing me her forgiveness for my disobedience."

Inez replied before her father could make his voice heard:

"You are quite right, Godfrey. Your mother has the first claim on you, and you must hasten to her side. You will come back, I feel sure, bearing with you her consent to the completion of our happiness."

"Thank you, dear love; I knew that you would be just to me," breathed Fenton, in his softest tone.

But Lopez, in an irritated voice, cried out:

"What does your mother mean by objecting to *my* daughter as your wife? If my fortunes have fallen, I was once a Cuban grandee, and some of the azure blood of Spain flows in my veins. Inez is a fitting mate for a prince; and it is sheer impertinence in any American woman to oppose the union of her son with the last of my race. This is the first time I have heard an insinuation of such a possibility, Mr. Godfrey Fenton."

The young man controlled his temper, and steadily replied:

"I have not concealed from your daughter, sir, that the heart of my mother is set on making a match for me with a young favorite of her own. But Inez also knows that I am devoted to her alone; that I go to my home but to overcome my mother's desire to see me give my hand to the one she has herself chosen for me. I shall speedily return, bearing her consent to claim Miss Lopez as my wife. If I did not believe this, sir, I should not have courage to sever myself from Inez even for a day, for words would fail to tell you how much she is to me—how impossible it would be to give her up."

Inez gave him an eloquent look of thanks, of perfect and unflinching trust, before which the heart of Fenton sunk like lead in his bosom. He felt that he was but paving the way to the relinquishment of that which was necessary to elevate him to the noble stature of manhood, he might have attained under the sweet influence of this gentle and pure creature,—so true herself, that she was incapable of doubting him.

Lopez was impressed by Fenton's words and manner, and he less harshly said:

"You speak fairly enough, Mr. Fenton, but if I had been before aware that an objection would be raised to the admission of my daughter into your family, I should never have permitted things to come to such a crisis as this. I scarcely think that you have treated me well, sir."

"I am sorry to have offended you, Mr. Lopez, but if you will recall your own youthful days, with the fiery impulses that controlled them, perhaps you will be able to find some excuse for me. I loved Inez from the first hour of meeting, and you would scarcely expect me to place an obstruction in my own path by confessing that the will of my mother ran counter to my own. I will not doubt my power to overcome her opposition to my marriage with your daughter, and I but seek her presence now for that purpose. I entreat that you will not add to the wretchedness of this parting by showing mistrust which, I assure you, I do not deserve."

Lopez did recall his own experience. He remembered how he had stolen the wife whose heart he had broken from a doting old father, and his wrath softened a little. He, more calmly, said:

"It is useless to quarrel now, Godfrey. Things have gone so far between you and Inez that it is impossible for you to recede with honor, and nothing is left us but to confide in that. If it fails in the trial, Inez will be no child of mine if she does not cast you from her heart as a villain unworthy of faith or confidence."

"Those are hard words, Mr. Lopez."

"Not unless you feel within your soul that you intend to deserve them. But I have said enough; Inez has no one to defend her but a wretched, paralytic, old father; and, if you do not mean honorably by her, you feel assured of perfect impunity. Go your way, Godfrey Fenton; and may God deal with you as you do with my poor child!"

Fenton did not say amen to this. He was conscience stricken, and at that moment he felt as if he was the basest and most treacherous of men. For a few moments he felt tempted to marry Inez before he left, and brave the consequences of his mother's anger; but his cautiousness, his love of splendor, came to the rescue, and he evasively replied:

"Inez will need no defender from me, sir, for I aspire to become all in all to her. After a few brief weeks of absence, you will welcome me back here when I come to claim the greatest happiness a mortal man can possess—the heart and hand of the woman he feels to be worthy to claim the first place in his affections."

"And they shall be yours, Godfrey," said Inez, with a radiant smile, as she laid her soft palm on his. "Go to your mother without delay; for if she is ill she needs your presence near her. And be sure that in your absence I shall think of you with perfect love and trust. My father's doubts have no weight with me, for I know too well the truth and nobility of your nature to believe them well founded."

Fenton reverently lifted to his lips the hand so confidingly given to him, and huskily murmured:

"Thanks, my own, my love, my life. Oh, Inez, should anything happen to sever us, I shall be the most lost—the most wretched of men! But I will overcome every obstacle to our perfect union. I will make my mother so much in love with you that she will as eagerly look forward to claiming you as her daughter as I do to claiming you as my wife."

As Fenton thus spoke, he drew Inez toward the bay window which formed a large projection from the room; the heavy curtains fell partially behind them, shielding them from the angry observation of Mr. Lopez. That gentleman sharply rang his hand bell, and Mrs. Perkins appeared at the door. He ordered her to take the place of Inez at the backgammon board, and soon the rattling of the dice allowed the lovers to converse in perfect freedom in the recess to which they had retired.

A shiver crept through the sensitive frame of Inez as she looked out on the skeleton arms of the lofty trees, now entirely denuded of their foliage; and in spite of the assurance so recently uttered, a chill presentiment of approaching evil thrilled to her heart. For a few moments that dreary autumn landscape, stripped of all its verdant beauty, seemed to her a type of the future that was lowering before her.

But the ardent words of Fenton soon dispelled such fancies, and she blushed and trembled at the earnest passion in his tones as he vowed eternal fidelity to her again and again. Inez had no power to resist such pleadings, and when he asked her to give him a last pledge that they would be true to each other, she laid her slender hand in his, and together they repeated a form of betrothal, which to her was as binding as if the priest had spoken the nuptial benediction over them.

Her head sunk upon his breast, and the compact was sealed by pressing his lips to hers. Carried away by the madness of the moment, if a clergyman had been present, and it had been possible to make Inez lawfully his own without the preliminary of a license, Fenton would have done so without a thought as to future results.

In that hour he was deeply in earnest, and he renewed his vow to himself to trample on impossibilities, if that were necessary to the redemption of the pledge he had just renewed. Fenton was entranced, yet most wretched in those fleeting moments which a weird fate whispered him were the last he should ever enjoy with the idol of his vain and weak heart; but to Inez they were filled with supreme happiness, in spite of the separation that must so speedily come.

She remembered that she would have his letters, and they would compensate her in some degree for the pains of absence, and she softly said:

"You will write to me every day, Godfrey. Promise to keep a journal of all that happens to you, and forward it to me as it is written."

"I will write to you, dearest. I will pour forth all the feelings of my heart, but I cannot promise to keep a journal. I never could jot down things as they occur; it is too dry and mechanical a proceeding for one of my temperament, and I have no talent for narration."

"Then say to me whatever your heart prompts, Godfrey. To know what is passing there will be my highest ambition—my sweetest hope. I believe in you, Godfrey, and nothing shall dim my trust after what has just passed between us."

"You may trust me, Inez, for I swear to do all that lies in the power of man to enable me to return hither speedily and joyfully as the bridegroom should who comes to claim such a treasure as yourself. Oh! my darling, my adored, if anything should happen to sever us now, I shall be the most lost, the most wretched of men."

Tears were standing in his expressive eyes; a few fell hot and heavy upon the hand he held tightly clasped in his own, and Inez, ignorant of the true source of anguish from which they were wrung, kissed them away, believing them to be the seal to his assurances of eternal devotion to herself.

Yes, Fenton did love Inez Lopez well; but, alas! he loved himself better; and no one knew so well as Godfrey Fenton himself that if his mother proved inexorable he would never have the manliness of purpose to wed Inez in defiance of her opposition.

It was not marvellous then that his frame shook with the storm of doubt and anguish that wrung his heart in those parting moments. Inez believed truly that he suffered more than she herself did, and she made every effort to soothe and comfort him. Twilight began to gather over the landscape; the rattle of dice was succeeded by that of china, and the last communion of the lovers was interrupted by the voice of Mr. Lopez, saying:

"I think you two have had time enough to say all the sweet things usual on such occasions, and I am getting hungry for my supper. Come, Inez, and make the tea."

The drapery was put aside, and the lovers came into the lighted room. Inez approached her father, kissed him, and softly said:

"Godfrey and I understand each other perfectly now, dear papa, and you are to have no more fears for my happiness. I have entrusted it to the keeping of my betrothed, and I am sure it will be perfectly safe."

Fenton silently grasped the hand of the elder man, and Lopez seemed willing to accept the assurance thus offered, for he cheerfully said:

"'All's well that ends well,' and I shall have something to look forward to in the return of Godfrey, and the realization of my brightest hopes for you, Inez. Drive dull care away shall be my motto for the future; so make me a cup of the fluid that 'cheers but not inebriates,' and in it I will pledge my confidence anew to my future son-in-law."

They gathered around the tea table, and Fenton made an effort to recover his usual gay composure. In this he was so far successful that Inez brightened beneath his influence, and the evening passed more cheerfully than its stormy commencement had promised.

To Fenton these last hours were like those of the criminal whose fate approaches; for, disguise it as he might, the painful conviction remained on his mind, that on this night he was bidding farewell to the brightest hope of his life—to self-respect—to all that rendered existence most precious in his sight; and for what? That he might continue the career of indolent extravagance which had blunted his finer faculties, and rendered the talents he was conscious of possessing a useless gift. Ah! if a small portion of energy and perseverance had only been infused into him, how different his fate might have been; for, in spite of his many and great faults, Godfrey Fenton had within him the elements of something far nobler and higher than his faulty education had made him.

His mother had assiduously trained him for the part she wished him to play upon the stage of life; but in doing this she had crushed out the germs of much that was of nobler significance than all the worldly success she had taught him to be the highest aim of man.

Later in the evening they had some music. Inez played on her guitar, and Fenton joined his voice with hers in several duets. These were enjoyed by Mr. Lopez, who would even lay aside his beloved chess board to listen to the soft melodies breathed from his daughter's lips.

Nine, ten, eleven sounded from the little timepiece upon the mantel, and Fenton reluctantly arose to bid them farewell. He offered his hand to her father, and Inez summoned all her courage to sustain her through the painful ordeal of parting; but a cord seemed tightening around her heart, and for a few moments she felt as if suffocating.

Mr. Lopez asked:

"When are we to look for you back, Godfrey? You can set a limit to your absence, I suppose."

"In six weeks—two months at the latest," was the prompt reply. "Then we can have a rare Christmas festival."

"Inez shall be ready for the wedding by the time you come back."

"I thank you for the assurance, sir. It makes me most happy."

And, turning toward Inez, Fenton impulsively encircled her trembling form with his arm, and, dropping on his knees before her father, he cried out:

"Bless us now as your children, Mr. Lopez, that I may carry away with me the assurance that you bear no ill-will toward me for what I am compelled to do."

Inez sank down beside him, and Lopez said, with a laugh:

"I think this rather a melo-dramatic proceeding for so sensible a man as you are, Godfrey; but if you value my blessing, it is yours; and if I were a better man I would pray to Heaven to shower down on you and my dear girl, who certainly deserves a good husband to repay her for all her kindness to her irritable and often unmanageable father."

He laid a wasted hand on the head of each, and, stooping forward, kissed her on the brow with more emotion than he often evinced.

Fenton arose, gave the palpitating form he held tightly clasped in his arms one fervent embrace, kissed her pale lips, and rushed into the hall.

Dick was ready with his horse, and tossing him a piece of gold, he rode away in the night at so furious a pace that the sober coachman shook his head and muttered:

"I wonder what he expects to happen to that horse after such headlong racing as that? and the night so overcast, too, that the creature can just see how to make his way through the woods without running against the trees. It's lucky the leaves are all gone, or something might happen to both horse and rider.

In spite of Dick's apprehensions, Fenton reached Newport in safety, and completed his preparations for an early start in the morning.

After again reading over his mother's last letter, he paced the floor through all the remainder of the night, alternately cursing his fate and raging at himself, but unable to make up his mind to an irreparable breach with the parent who held his worldly interests in her grasp.

Mrs. Markland told him that she was very ill, but in his heart Fenton believed it to be a *ruse* to bring him more speedily to her presence; but, true or false, he felt that he must go and leave behind him all that was most precious to him in life, save the gold he hoped to win by keeping in the good graces of the imperious despot who had ruled him from his boyhood.

On the following morning Fenton set out for Natchez, and travelled as rapidly as railroads and steamboats enabled him to do till he gained the place of his destination.

CHAPTER XXX.

The perfect physical organization of Nina Gordon enabled her to recover rapidly from her illness when the reaction really commenced, and she was soon able to leave her room and mingle as formerly with the family.

Mrs. Lyme was unvarying in her kindness, but until her patient was quite strong and blooming again, she did not recur to the subject of Nina's engagement as a governess, of which she had spoken during her convalescence.

Nina often led to the subject herself, and always protested that she would never consent to go South at all, unless the mysterious uncle who had educated her should write to invite her to take up her abode in his house.

Mrs. Lyme quietly evaded all her efforts to learn by whom the offer of a situation had been made *till* she thought her protégée sufficiently restored to bear the journey she felt assured she would eventually take.

On a bright day in October she sought Nina in her own apartment, bearing with her a letter she had received only the day before. The young girl threw down the book she was reading, and rising from her lounging position on the sofa, said, in an animated tone:

"I see that the time has come, at last, for the long-promised enlightenment as to who wants my services as teacher and model for his only daughter. Is it not so, dear Mrs. Lyme?"

"You are right, Nina. I have come to have a serious talk with you about your future, for I feel the deepest interest in your success in life. You have talents and beauty, and in spite of the failure of your friends to claim you, I think you can carve out a desirable destiny for yourself. You can, at least, by a few years of light labor, secure the means of independence; for it is very rare indeed that a girl of twenty has a thousand dollars a year offered her for doing so little as will be required of you, besides having the advantage of a luxurious home, in which every want will be sedulously attended to."

"A thousand a year! That is a temptation indeed, Mrs. Lyme, and far more, I am sure, than my services will be worth. But what am I to do to earn this magnificent salary?"

"You will instruct a girl of sixteen in music, French, drawing and composition. For the last her father thinks she has great talents. I know you to be quite capable of filling the situation, and I am sure you will accept it."

"Yes—I can do all that; but I had far rather remain here in my old position if you will only consent to keep me. I looked forward so long to playing a brilliant *rôle* in southern society, that my pride shrinks from the humiliation of going among those haughty people as a paid dependant. I am afraid that the large salary offered will scarcely tempt me to desert you if you will only let me stay."

Mrs. Lyme shook her head.

"Why should you speak of yourself as a dependant, Nina, when your position will be as honorable a one as a woman can fill? The dearest hope of this wealthy father will be entrusted to your care, and you will be treated in every respect as an equal. I really think that no position which one of our sex can fill is more independent than the one which is offered you. These people are not of the vulgar rich, who presume to look down on an accomplished lady as an inferior, who does for their children what they are incapable of doing themselves. You will be engaged with your pupil but a few hours in the morning, and after that time you will be free to employ yourself as you please. You will have your own apartment, with more personal attendance than you have been accustomed to; the use of the carriage when you desire it; and in the house of a wealthy southern planter you will meet with a constant succession of guests. You may find there all that a woman needs to make her happy. I am sure that you will have an opportunity to make a brilliant marriage."

Having thus summed up all the advantages that might accrue to her protégée, Mrs. Lyme paused, expecting a very different reply from the one she received.

Nina's brow clouded, and she defiantly said:

"I will not marry for money, if that is what you mean. If I had been willing to do so, I should have accepted Adolphus Bates, for I believe he was infatuated enough to have taken me without a penny. Oh! Mrs. Lyme, don't ask me to go South as a governess. After all my dreams of grandeur when removed to that sunny land, it is too great a fall. I could not bear it."

"Nina, this is nonsense; you must get over such absurb objections, for you may never have such an offer again in your life. Even if I could restore you to your former position in my school I could not afford to pay you more than half the salary that is offered; but that is quite out of the question. Your place has been filled, and I could not discharge Miss Delaplaine merely for the purpose of installing you. She is a competent teacher, and I cannot be so unjust to her."

"Let her go South in my place, then. She is quite as capable of filling the situation as I am. An order was sent to you for a teacher, and all you have to do is to fill it to the best of your ability. Is it not so, dear Madam?"

"No—for the situation was offered to *you*, and I have no authority to employ another. If you decline it, I must write to that effect."

Nina's eyes widened with surprise, and her interest was at once aroused.

"To *me!* Who on earth is it that knows anything of me down there? for you have not yet mentioned the name of the liberal person who is so anxious to secure me as a model for his daughter?"

"Have I not named him? It was an inadvertence on my part. Mr. William Hastings, of Mississippi, is the——"

Nina interrupted her by an exclamation of astonishment and triumph:

"Mr. Hastings! Why did you not name him before, Madam? I should at once have accepted an offer from *him*, even if the salary had been far less than what he offers. Oh! this is more than I could have hoped for! Better than I dreamed could ever be my fortune again."

The old lady stared at her in mute surprise, but she presently found voice to ask:

"What do you know of this gentleman that makes you so willing to accept a position you so positively declined to fill? You are a strange enigma to me, Nina."

"But I understand myself perfectly. What do I know of Mr. Hastings? Let me see—very little, I believe, but I am acquainted with some friends and neighbors of his that I am most anxious to meet again. I met with them this summer at Newport, and I shall find a residence near them very agreeable. I heard both Mr. Hastings and his daughter spoken of in such a way as deeply interested me. So—Opal Hastings is to be my pupil, and I shall have the opportunity to fill her mind with anything I may choose to put in it. Of course I shall do my best to enlighten her mind and improve her knowledge of the world. Eureka! I believe I was born under a lucky star!"

Her exulting excitement would not be repressed, and Mrs. Lyme regarded her with wondering eyes. She gravely said:

"You will do your duty by this young lady, I am sure, Nina, or I would not venture to recommend you; though, by the way, I was not asked to do that. I was only requested to offer Miss Nina Gordon the position of governess in Mr. Hastings's family, with the salary I have named. The friends you referred to just now must have spoken of you and interested him in you. Did you give them any reason to suppose that such an application would be successful with yourself?"

Nina tossed her head half contemptuously:

"Indeed I did not; for then I was perfectly satisfied to remain with Mrs. Hawks. She was as fond of me as if I had been her own daughter, and but for the machinations of the man who hoped to marry her niece, I should now have had wealth at my command. I owe *him* a debt that I intend to pay with interest at some future day; but we won't talk of that now. I am so enchanted with this unexpected opening for a future career, that I can think of nothing else. Will you write to Mr. Hastings, or shall I do it myself? Perhaps he will be better pleased to hear from me; as he can then judge of my style of composition and see what a pretty epistolary effort I am capable of making."

"It may be as well; you can write if you choose."

"Certainly I shall choose. By the way, do you know that I am said to resemble his daughter? I have been told of it more than once."

Mrs. Lyme unclosed her lips to give utterance to some thought that struck her, but shut them again resolutely, and after a pause said:

"It is very singular that you should have been selected as the only one wanted, especially as you were not recommended to Mr. Hastings. Has it occurred to you that this gentleman may know something of your family, Nina?"

She shrugged her shoulders and with a constrained laugh replied:

"Oh! I am not going out into the world on such a mission as that of Japhet in search of a father, I assure you. Since my uncle chooses to conceal himself behind a curtain of mystery, I shall make no effort to pull it aside. If I am acknowledged at all, it must be through his own volition, for my pride will never permit me to inquire into what he evidently wishes to conceal. If Mr. Hastings does know him, and if he should volunteer any information on the subject of my family, I shall listen to him, but that will be all."

Mrs. Lyme regarded her searchingly, for she had little faith in this professed indifference to her own antecedents on the part of Nina. She remembered too well the rebellious struggles against the conviction that she was to be left to make her own way in life, after being reared and educated in such a manner as to delude her into the belief that she was the heiress of great wealth.

She gravely said:

"It may be as well, perhaps, for you to cherish this indifference toward your family, since it is evident that your uncle has given up all idea of claiming you. But I think he still interests himself about you, and this offer from Mr. Hastings, coming so soon after your term of probation expired, almost convinces me that through the influence of Mr. Fairlie, he has been induced to employ you as his daughter's governess."

"So you still believe that my uncle wishes to play the part of my guardian-angel, though he is not liberal enough to provide for me himself. Well, if it is so, I have much to thank him for in selecting the family of Mr. Hastings as the one in which I am to take up my new abode. In no other one would I have consented to occupy such a position."

"I am glad that you are reasonable at last, though why such a preference should be accorded to this particular family I am at a loss to imagine."

"Have I not explained to you that I already know several of their friends? That I am interested in what I have heard of both father and daughter, and besides I am curious to see the girl who is said to look like me—are not these sufficient reasons, dear madam?"

"Since they satisfy you, my dear, they will suffice for me. Do you wish to see the last letter written to me by Mr. Hastings? I have it in my pocket."

"By all means, if you will allow me to do so. I sometimes fancy that the clue to the real character of the writer can be found in the strokes of the pen on the paper, and I may be able to divine something of my new patron by seeing how he minds his p's and q's."

Mrs. Lyme smiled at the conceit, and drew the envelope from her pocket. Nina seized on it and, rapidly opening it, drew forth a scented sheet of paper, on which the following lines were traced in a clear, but feeble-looking hand:

SILVERMERE, near NATCHEZ, October 2, 18—.

DEAR MADAM:—It was with much regret that I heard of the illness of Miss Gordon. I hoped that, by this time, she would have been domesticated in my family and my daughter's studies again in progress under her supervision.

Opal has hitherto been instructed by a gentleman who lives as teacher in a neighboring family, and her mental training has been such as boys usually receive. She has had some musical advantages, but not of the highest order; and for that and for companionship with one of her own sex, who is young enough to be an associate and friend, have I desired to secure Miss Gordon.

My daughter speaks French with a pure accent, and draws passably. I wish Miss Gordon to bring with her a selection from the French classics, which they can read together; for it is my desire that Opal shall acquire a critical knowledge of the language which was that of her ancestors on the maternal side.

By the time this reaches you, I hope that your young friend will be sufficiently restored to undertake the journey south under the care of a friend of mine who will be in New York by the 10th of November. Mr. Matson is a merchant of Natchez who goes north on business connected with his firm, and he will give every attention to his fair charge.

You can inform Miss Gordon that her preparations must be completed and herself ready to return with him by that time—that is, if she accepts the situation I have offered her, and of that I will not permit myself to doubt.

Respectfully, W. F. HASTINGS.

Nina read it carefully through, and then inquisitively scanned the writing. Mrs. Lyme asked, with a smile:

"What do you make of it, my dear? It is a very satisfactory epistle, I think."

"Yes, I must say it is. It was very thoughtful in him to provide me with an escort on so long a journey, and I feel duly grateful. Do you wish me to play the part of the seer, and tell you what I think of the man who traced these lines, merely from the appearance of the writing?"

"If you can do so. And when you know him, I shall be glad to learn if your previsions prove correct."

"Well, this is my opinion. Mr. Hastings is an amiable gentleman; I mean the last word in its fullest acceptation; but he is weak; easily led away by impulse, and as easily influenced by others. He is luxurious in his tastes—witness this scented paper, with its fine cream laid surface. He is proud and fond of this 'sole daughter of his house and heart,' and I would wager any amount that he is ruled by his wife."

"He does not once refer to Mrs. Hastings. Why should you imagine that?"

"Oh! because he is the sort of man who yields most readily to female influence; and I have been told that his wife is a most peculiar and exacting person."

"Then you did not gather all your impressions from the writing alone?"

Nina laughed, replaced the letter in its dainty envelope, and gave it back to Mrs. Lyme without replying to the last question. She presently said:

"I shall have no time to lose, for but two more weeks remain to me to get my wardrobe in order. I am quite strong and well now, and I will set about my preparations at once."

"I agree with you that no time is to be lost; and here is a check for your first quarter's salary. It was enclosed in the letter, with a small memorandum stating that if you should need more, Mr. Matson would advance it to you. Very thoughtful and liberal, I must say it was, on the part of Mr. Hastings."

Nina laughingly replied:

"I told you that he is a gentleman; but such liberality is princely. I am sure that I shall quite adore this fine old Southern gentleman, with tons of gold, and cotton bolls, and darkies at command."

"I am glad to see that your fine spirits have returned, my dear, and I hope the best fortune will attend you in your new career."

A faint shadow flitted over her face, but she gaily said:

"Thanks, dear madam. I mean to do my best to secure it, so *allons* for the sunny South, for I am quite elated with the prospects opening before me. I am going out at once to make such purchases as are necessary for a beginning, for I must have a new and most bewitching set of dresses made up, if I am to set my cap at the eligible *parti* you are so anxious for me to secure."

"I hope that you will find some one you can love, Nina; I did not mean that you should give your hand in exchange for money, though you seemed so to interpret my words."

"Did I? Well, I beg your pardon for misunderstanding you. Of course, I shall find my true love there, or nowhere else in the world."

Mrs. Lyme kissed her and left the room. Nina, in place of arraying herself for her proposed shopping expedition, sunk down on the sofa, with clouded brow and compressed lips, to think over this new phase in her destiny.

Her small hands clenched themselves till the rosy nails were almost buried in the flesh, and she bitterly muttered:

"Yes, I shall find *him* there! Not my true love, but false—doubly, trebly false to me, to Inez Lopez, and to that other one to whom he has so long been bound. Yet knowing this, I cannot tear his image from my heart. Oh! Godfrey Fenton, what glamour have you cast over me to bind me to you with bonds of steel, when I know, alas! but too well, that another has usurped the place I once held in your fickle heart? You shall yet return to me; I swear it by all the gods! and these people among whom I am going, shall be the tools in my hands to bring you to my feet again. But now I must be up and doing. I must make myself ready for the conflict I foresee."

Nina sprang to her feet, threw on her bonnet and mantle, and went on her pleasing errand; for she was too very a woman not to delight in being able to indulge her taste in selecting rich and expensive articles of dress.

Mantua makers were set to work; and by the time the expected summons came from Mr. Matson, naming the day on which he would set out on his return home, Nina was in readiness to accompany him.

Mrs. Lyme accompanied her to New York, to place her under the care of the merchant, who was found at the St. Nicholas. Mr. Matson was a gray-haired, elderly man, very grave and quiet in his demeanor, though Nina soon found that he could joke and laugh with as much enjoyment as she herself could.

By the time her old friend left her, Nina had become very well acquainted with her new protector, and he seemed to take the interest of a father in her. She parted from Mrs. Lyme with a few tears, which were soon wiped away, and gave her the assurance she asked, that she would keep her informed of all that happened to her.

But the promise was given with many mental reservations; for Nina thought that much might occur which she would be unwilling to communicate to one so warmly interested in her as Mrs. Lyme was.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Language of Nature.

There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the power which first created existence is weakened by no time and subject to no decay; it tells us that, in the majesty of His reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while, in the beneficence of it, one day is as a thousand years; it tells us, still farther, that, in the magnificent system of His government, there exists no evil; that the appearances which, to our limited and temporary view, seem pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of His providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world.

DANIEL, THE SERVING MAN.

My name, eh? Well, you might call me Dan. if you like. No matter for the rest of it. Dame Matthews found me amongst the eggs in the barn yard, a week-old baby—dressed, to be sure, in fine muslin and good lace, with just this written on a piece of paper pinned to my clothes:

"Call him Daniel, and be what his wretched mother should have been, and God bless you!"

There were more clothes and a little money besides, and Dame Matthews kept me out of charity.

A poor old woman, who had struggled enough to win her own bread—who had so little to rejoice in on earth that she looked to heaven for all her joy. She talked about dying and going there, as children talk of a pleasant journey, and with that end did her duty as far as she knew.

Once a week, when Sunday came, she locked her knitting away in her little chest of drawers, and put on her best shawl and bonnet, worn for fifteen years, and went to church.

I used to go with her, but I'm afraid I took little heed of sermon or text. I used to stare about at the fine folks, and more of all at Squire May's daughter in the old-fashioned family pew, wondering at her beauty, and at her golden curls, and her pink bonnet, as though she had been something more than an ordinary child—a fairy—or perhaps, as I thought of them then, an angel.

She had no mother, and there was no one else in the pew except her father—a man who had gray hairs even then, and who was portly, and carried his head high, and looked down, I think, on poor people. Sometimes when Miss Agnes used to nestle up against his arm in her baby fashion, I used to think of the little violets that always grew in the Spring at the foot of the great oak which Dame Matthews said was an hundred years old; she was so sweet and tiny—he so grand and large. And years after, when I had become the Squire's coachman, and Mother Matthews was dead, I loved Miss Agnes with a love that was born in those boyish days.

A good many years went by without much change, and Miss Agnes was a young lady, when she began to take lessons in Spanish of a tall, dark gentleman, who had a way of looking at her with his great black eyes that made me wonder whether there was not something more than Spanish lessons meant by his visits; and soon cook and housemaid began to whisper about it, and to "wonder what the Squire would say."

For my part, I wonder how my pretty, sweet little mistress could like such a dark, angry-looking man; and I was not surprised when one day the Squire called me to him—I did other things besides drive now—and said:

"Dan., remember that Spanish fellow is not to be admitted again on any pretext whatever. He is not employed to give Miss Agnes lessons any longer."

It was not my place to ask questions. I only bowed, and said, "yes, sir;" but cook told housemaid that evening that "master had found a bundle of letters in Miss Agnes' desk, and that he had forbidden her to see the Spanish teacher again."

When I drove Miss Agnes out next I saw she had been crying terribly. Her face was as white as the muslin dress she wore, and there were blue circles about her eyes. She had told me, in a louder voice than usual, to drive to Miss Wycheslie's, her old aunt, who lived not far away. But when we were out of sight of the house, she said, in a soft whisper:

"Turn the other way, Dan. Drive toward the wood, down beside the river, Dan."

And, of course, I obeyed her.

But there, as though he had been waiting for us, under a great tree, sat that dark, Spanish gentleman; and my mistress made me stop in the shadow, and went and stood beside him. And I saw him start up and kiss her hand, and hold it afterwards in a way that made my blood boil. But, of course, it was not *my* place to speak or to watch them.

He brought her back to the carriage at last, and helped her in, and stood looking into her eyes, and talking in his own language. He had taught her to understand it, it seemed. And he kissed his hand once more when they parted. And, going home, my young mistress touched me upon the arm and said, so imploringly:

"Don't tell papa, Dan. Promise me you won't tell papa!"

A strange feeling came over me as though she needed care, and it was I who must protect her. But it was pure folly. I was only the man who drove her carriage.

"I will do whatever you bid me, Miss Agnes," I said, "but——"

"But what, Dan?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon, but is it quite right, Miss?" I said.

She began to cry.

"I don't dare to think whether it is right or wrong," she said. "I—I *must* see him. Don't tell papa, Dan."

And I promised, knowing all the while that it was wrong. But I couldn't turn traitor to Miss Agnes, even for her own good. So I drove her often and often to the quiet place in the old woods, and waited while she talked to the Spanish gentleman.

The Squire never guessed the truth, and he was such a good master to me that it seemed wrong to hide it from him, too. I was very unhappy all that while.

It lasted six months—almost that, I think; and I knew from what the women in the kitchen said that the old gentleman wanted Miss Agnes to marry some one else, and that she refused; and I saw her pretty face more and more troubled every day until the end came.

There was a grand pic-nic some miles away, and Miss Agnes and the Squire were both to go. But he had a touch of the gout that morning, and she went to join the party alone. Before she started she kissed her father over and over again, and clung to him as though she could not bear to say, Good-bye.

He laughed at her for a baby, and I heard him say:

"If you love me so well, Aggy, remember whom I should like for a son-in-law, and be kinder than usual to young Morris to-day. He is fond of you, and a fine well-built young fellow, and his land joins ours."

She said nothing at all to that, and the next moment I drove her away—not to the pic-nic place, though. Half way there she bade me stop, and in a quiet part of the road I saw a close carriage in waiting, and from it leaped the Spanish gentleman, Senor Cortello.

He came up to us and held out his small brown hand with its taper fingers, and she put her own in it and alighted.

Then the Spaniard turned to me.

"You have been a fellow very faithful," he said, in his broken English; "here is money."

And he would have given me some, but I would not take it.

"Whatever I have done—and I'm afraid it is all wrong," I said—"I did for my young lady."

And she began to weep.

"Oh, Papa! Papa!" she said.

And I knew what had been brought about.

"You're not going away, Miss?" I said.

And she sobbed:

"Oh! he *will* forgive us—I'm sure he will forgive us! and I shall come back again. You'll take a little present from me, won't you, Dan.?"

"No," I said—"not money. I'd like some little thing to remember you by, but not money."

She knew what I meant, and she just unpinned the white rose she had worn in her belt, and gave it to me.

"Good-bye, Dan.!" she said; and I answered, "God bless you, Miss!"

And she was gone. I saw the close carriage drive away; and something strange came over me, and, I suppose, I fainted—a queer thing for a young man to do, but so it was. For you see, if I had given her to Satan to carry off with him, I could not have felt more guilty.

Some one came along who knew me as I lay there, and the story came out without my telling it. They fancied, I believe, that I had been knocked down, and Agnes carried off by force. But I went to the Hall to tell the old Squire the truth. It was no use when I got there, for the news had reached him, and he had had an attack of apoplexy, and was thought to be dying.

He did not die though, but he never was quite himself again; and, when I tried to make confession, he would not hear me. He could not be brought to hear her name, and I gave up trying to tell my part in the affair after a while.

I did not want to leave the place either, for I had grown very fond of the Squire, and he took a sudden great liking for me.

I knew Miss Agnes sent letters to him, and that her husband wrote also; but the Squire swore that he would never see either of them again, and sent the letters back without an answer.

I heard the two were very poor and that he was not kind to her; but the Squire would only say:

"As she has sown so must she reap. She is dead to me forever!"

He was not the gay, brave gentleman he had been, and he shut up most of the handsome home, and sent away all the servants but myself; and we lived in two little rooms in a wing, and I waited on him day and night.

Sometimes I used to think his mind was wandering, for now and then he called me, "My son!"

No one else thought so though; and he was firm enough about Miss Agnes, Heaven knows.

At last there came news that I thought would soften him. Senor Cortello was dead, and the Squire's daughter was all alone in the great city, and in bitter poverty. But, even when she wrote to tell him this, he answered her with the old words, and said to himself again and again:

"She is dead to me—dead to me!"

I could not bear to think of what might come to her, and I went secretly to the place where she lived, to see her and beg her to accept what aid I could give. But, in her poverty, she was prouder than she had been in prosperity, and made me feel that I was only a servant. She was pale and changed, and was poorly dressed; but I dared not offer her the savings I had brought with me any more than if she had been a queen.

So I went back to my place with my old master, and tried my best to soften him; but all in vain. Time only made him seem the harder.

At last, one night when he had been quite ill for some days, I sat beside the fire thinking how very ill he seemed to be and wondering where Miss Agnes was, when he called me to him.

"Daniel," he said, "you've been a good son to me all these years!"

"A good servant, I hope, Master," I said.

"No, Dan.; I said, a *son!*" he cried out. "I meant it, Dan. You know that portrait?"

He pointed to Mrs. May's portrait over the mantel-piece, where it had always hung.

"Yes, sir; I said that was your wife, sir."

"I had a wife before I married her, privately," he said. "A poor girl whom I was ashamed to own. She was my true, true wife, Dan.; but when my heart changed, and I felt I should have been wiser to marry some one more my worldly equal. I told her a lie. She thought herself disgraced, poor girl, and hid her shame,—she who was as pure as snow in Heaven's sight—under the blue river-water.

"Her child old dame Matthews found where she had laid it. Afterwards I married the beautiful lady whose portrait you see there. But you are none the less my true and lawful son. I have been a bad man all my life. I have not long to live now, and I want to be forgiven before I die!"

Squire put my hand in his and kept it there. It was a strange feeling to know he was my father. I was glad to know he had been so very kind to me so long. There was a comfort in that at least.

After a while, he said:

"When I am dead you will find a will in my escritoire where I have written down the whole wicked story. It proves you to be my son, and your mother to be spotless and pure. I was more afraid of man than of God. I dared to do what I dared not confess. It grieves me now to think of the stain upon my memory, and how those will talk of me who have respected me so many years. But I will do you justice, Daniel, at last."

Then his breath grew shorter.

"The old will—written ten years ago—leaving everything to the daughter whom I have cast off—is still in the book-case," he panted. "This cancels it—but, I'd like to see the thing burnt. She shall never have a penny—a bad daughter. You—my son——"

He fell forward on my arm with these words, quite dead. He had wronged me and my dead mother. I felt that deeply. But I wept over him. For hours I could think of nothing but that he was gone. But when day broke, I arose from my knees beside the bed, and took the bunch of keys on the table and unlocked both the oaken book-case and escritoire, and found the will that gave me the right to name and wealth—that made me a gentleman instead of what I was—that raised me to power and to respect. I saw enclosed the proof of my poor mother's marriage, and I read it all over twice.

Then I looked at the other will. It was dated ten years back, and bequeathed everything to his daughter Agnes save a few legacies—one of "five hundred dollars to his servant lad, Daniel."

I held the two in my hand a long, long while, and then I went down on my knees and prayed again.

And from that prayer I rose up and locked the will which had been made ten years before in the escritoire, and that which made me master of the Hall and gave to me my name, I dropped into the fading embers, and saw shrivel to ashes before me; and I had strength to do it without a pang.

Then I sat down and wrote to Agnes.

"MADAM," (I wrote) "I send this, with my best respects, to inform you that my master, your father, is dead, and that, in a will written long ago, he has left you all. If it should be your wish to be met at the depot, please notify Your servant, DANIEL."

And then I went abroad to tell the news of the Squire's death.

She came down to the funeral, and I drove her home as I had driven her when she left it. And the will was read, and she became mistress of the Hall. And, after a year of mourning, she being young and beautiful still, a gentleman every way worthy of her came there to woo and win her; and she is married to him now, and is very happy.

And I have kept my secret to myself; and the world shall never know, nor shall she, of the will the old Squire left, or that I am anything nearer to her than Daniel, the Servant Man.

—It is not only more honorable, but also more delightful to give than to receive.

WE PASS ALONG.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Still, day by day, we pass along
The busy path of life,
And listen to the mingled sounds
Of joy, and grief, and strife.
The sunbeams give their radiant light,
The shadows near us stray,
And many hopes and many cares
Go with us all the way.

The clouds which float along our sky
Are sometimes tipped with gold,
And sometimes heavily they fall—
Tempestuous, dark, and cold.
With selfish aims and wilful hearts
We tread the great highway,
Grasping with careless hands the flowers
Which bloom for us each day.

Absorbed in all our shallow plans—
Alas! how blind we are
To faith "which speaks of better things"—
To the bright morning-star.
To God, our Father—Gracious King,
Make all our visions cease,
And guide our footsteps in the way
Which leads to endless peace!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

NO. XVIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

ON MY SECOND VOYAGE.

Those were pleasant, happy days that I spent at the old house during the spring of 1811; but I cannot dwell upon them. Agreeably to the promise which I had made when I left the "castle" on the occasion of my first visit, when I came again I brought with me a number of presents which I had procured in Calcutta for my friends, and with them they were much pleased. My brother Eben was so far mollified by the reception of a Chinese puzzle and a box of fire-works, that he forgot his cause of offence, and came around to be quite agreeable and affectionate. For my mother I had brought a fine Canton shawl and a shell comb; for my sister, Mary Jane, a box of colors and a Chinese doll; and, as good luck would have it, I had a very pretty pattern of India silk which I gave to Eunisale.

When the time for the second parting came we wore only smiles upon our faces in the old house. My mother and my sister kissed me and blessed me; other friends shook me by the hand and bade me God-speed. But where was Eunisale? I found her beneath the great old sycamore, and she had been crying. She smiled, however, when she met me, and tried to hide the traces of her tears. I don't know how it was, nor why I should have done it—(perhaps it was to help her hide her wet cheeks)—I wound my arms around her and pressed her to my bosom: and when I turned away there was a strange thrill in my heart, and I felt as though I had not spoken as I ought. I stopped and looked back, and Eunisale was gazing at me through her tears. I moved quickly to her side and took her hand.

"Euny," I said, "henceforth I shall feel as though my life was worth more than ever before."

"Is it for my sake?" she whispered.

"It is for your sake, darling."

I snatched a kiss and hurried away. At the garden gate I heard my name pronounced, and upon looking around I saw my brother Eben sitting in a gap of the stone wall beneath a Balm-of-Gilead tree.

"I'll run away,—you see if I don't!" he said to me.

I patted his head, and bade him good-bye.

"Be a good boy," I said, "and I'll bring you home something nice when I come."

"You needn't fetch anything for me, old Bonus, for I'm a goin' to run off.—now you see!"

I smiled at the little fellow's quaint earnestness; but he did not occupy my thoughts a great while. I thought of those tearful eyes I had left beneath the sycamore, and again came the feeling to my soul that my life was worth more than ever before,—and—FOR HER SAKE!

When I reached Salem I found Mr. Drake in disgrace. He had been drinking so much that delirium tremens had set in, and the owners would not trust him. I was sorry when I knew that he was not going in our ship, for I had come to love the man, and to sympathize with him; but it was as Mr. Grey had said: The chief mate should be a reliable man. The result was, Charles Sanborn was rated as first mate; Jo. Long, as second; and Wallace Farwell, as third; and to fill up the vacancy thus made before the mast a new seaman was shipped named Fiddy Cummings. And a rare specimen of a Yankee sailor he was. He had never been to India; but he had been all his life time used to the water, and was a boat-builder by trade. Mr. Grey had tried to induce him to ship before, because there are times when a good ship-carpenter is a valuable acquisition on ship-board; and he gained him now by offering him a little advance upon seaman's wages. But Fiddy was to stand his watch with the rest, though on the papers he was rated as ship's carpenter.

I had taken my birth in the forecastle, and Capt. Matthews took a cabin-boy named John Lascomb. Otherwise our crew was the same as on the previous voyage. There had been considerable discussion with regard to sending our ship out at this time; but it was finally concluded that there would not be much risk, so her cargo was put on board, and her papers made out; and on Friday, the seventh day of June, 1811, the *Naumkeag* once more set sail from the harbor of Salem, and I was on board with the rate of an Able Seaman. And I don't know which took the most pride in his rate, Charley Sanborn or myself.

I congratulated him on his promotion, and yet I told him I was sorry for it on one account: I should lose him from my watch. And I did feel sorry, for I must say that he was one of the best officers I ever knew—always kind and obliging to those who tried to do their duty, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to a shipmate in need. But if I had lost Sanborn, I had gained Jo. Long; and that was something, for now I could hear Jo.'s yarns without having to lose my sleep for them.

"But," said Sanborn, after reflecting awhile, "I've got a hard oar to pull. I've stepped into the shoes of one of the best sailors that ever trod a deck, and if I can make Jonathan Drake's place good I ought to be fit to have command."

He spoke the truth there. Poor Drake! I wondered where he was at that moment. Perhaps on some of the headlands watching the white canvass of the ship he loved—of the ship he had sailed so many leagues, and of the ship he had come so near consigning to destruction. At times I had wished that Mr. Grey had let him try once more; but when I remembered that dark morning off the rocks of Cape Colony, and then thought of how he had been going on since he had reached home, I was forced to acknowledged that the owners had done right.

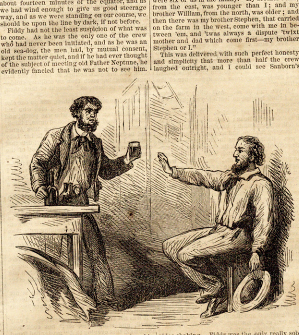
It would have been impossible for a voyage to have opened more pleasantly for me than did this second voyage in the *Naumkeag*. Jo. Long, now second mate, of course came into the captain's watch; and then Fiddy Cummings was in our watch, too. Glorious old Fiddy! I loved him as soon as I knew him. He was the very soul of honor and of good-will, and what he could not make of sport was not worth making. The starboard watch was a watch worth being in, and it must have been a dark and dreary storm that could have banished its good nature.

On the third day of July the captain brought his sextant on deck, but before the sun reached its meridian height he had occasion to go below for something, and he passed his instrument to me. In less than three minutes after I had taken the sextant I caught the sun at its highest altitude, and when I looked at the vernier I found that we must be very near the equator, if not directly upon it. I was about to drop a remark to that effect when Sanborn touched me upon the arm.

"Hush!" said he. "Not a word!"

I saw his eye glance in the direction of Fiddy Cummings, and I then remembered that the carpenter, though used for years to salt water, had never crossed the line. I held my peace, and gave the mate to understand that I "took." A few figures showed me that we were within about fourteen minutes of the equator, and as we had wind enough to give us good steerage way, and as we were standing on our course, we should be upon the line by dark, if not before.

Fiddy had not the least suspicion of what was to come. As he was the only one of the crew who had never been initiated, and as he was an old sea-dog, the men had, by mutual consent, kept the matter quiet, and if he had ever thought of the subject of meeting old Father Neptune, he evidently fancied that he was not to see him.



But he was not to get off without paying his way; and I doubt if there was a man on board more anxious for the sport than was I. (I won't rub out that word, "*man*," for on shipboard an able seaman is a MAN. I did a man's work; had a man's rate; and received a man's pay; so I won't be bashful, when I come to speak of myself in connection with the rest of the crew, about calling us all men together.) No man could be more anxious than was I; for I had been put through the mill, and I wanted no partiality of that kind where Charles Sanborn was. He not only clung to the custom as one honored by time, but such sport did him good. It was his very life. And on the present occasion he was to personate the character of Neptune. After supper he called me down into the cabin and showed me his rig. He had not only arranged a mask, but he had rigged a false head to put on atop of his own, thus bringing him up to a height truly gigantic.

The starboard watch stood that night the first watch, going off at midnight. As Sanborn came on deck with his watch to relieve us, he told me that he should call all hands in half an hour. The day had been hot and hazy, but as the night advanced the atmosphere became more clear, and the moon, almost at its full, cast a soft, mellow light over the dark sea. I turned in, as did the rest of our watch, and was very soon asleep; for a sailor, in full health, isn't apt to lie awake long in his bunk after coming off watch at midnight.

I slept, but not for a long time. I was aroused by the stentorian voice of Wallace Farwell, calling:

"STAR-BOARD WATCH A-HOY!—*All hands on deck!*"

"What 'n thunder's the matter now, I wonder?" growled Fiddy, rolling out, and rubbing his eyes.

"*Hurry up! Hurry up, there!*"

"Don't bust yer throat, old 'leven hundred an' fiftieth mate!" muttered Fiddy, making for the ladder.

"*Come—tumble up, you starboard watch!—tumble up!*"

"Well—here we are, tumbled up all right and tight," cried our uninitiated hero, as he stepped over the combings of the hatch. "And now what's to pay?"

"Easy, my good man," said Farwell, gravely and solemnly. "You shall know in good season what's the matter."

At that moment there came sounding upon the air, as though from the depths of the sea, a deep, unearthly voice:

"SHIP-AHOY!"

"*Hallo!*" answered Farwell.

Fiddy started, and looked in all directions.

"Good God!" he gasped, catching me by the arm, "what's that?"

"I don't know, unless it's some poor fellow floating about on a plank," I replied.

"WHAT SHIP'S THAT?" demanded the strange voice.

And I must confess that Sanborn's voice almost startled me. He could, under any circumstances, ring his voice down to a pitch almost like the roar of a lion, and now that he had a huge trumpet to help him, the notes were fairly wonderful.

We had all moved back from the forecastle-hatch, forming a semi-circle reaching from cathead to cathead, and Farwell had just given the name of our ship, when a huge, grizzled head, adorned with dank sea-weed and coral sprays, arose to sight over the starboard knight-head. Up it came—up—up—up, until a gigantic form appeared above the rail and stepped over upon the deck. It was a form full a fathom and a half in height, clad in dripping robes, with a trident in its right hand and a speaking trumpet in its left.

"My noble sons," spoke the towering presence, "you must have had fair winds and a gallant ship to have reached my dominions so speedily. How is it? Are these all my children, or do you bring strangers to my court?"

"Sire," answered Farwell, "there is one among us who has never had the honor of being presented to your majesty."

"Aha! is that so? Bring forth the stranger. I would behold him."

I had never yet seen Fiddy Cummings placed in a corner so snug that he could not extricate himself without losing his temper, allowing that no injustice had been put upon him, and I had a strong curiosity to see how he would behave himself on the present occasion. At first Fiddy had been literally thunderstruck, and it was not until Old Neptune had uttered his "*Aha!*" that he suspected anything like the truth; but there was something in the broad, rich depths of Sanborn's laugh that could not be mistaken, and the moment the victim heard it he knew, at least, who that spectral giant was; and very quickly the whole thing was apparent to his understanding.

Abe Gowan upon one hand, and a great "two-fisted Down-Easter," named Billy Johnson, upon the other, led Fiddy forward.

"Stranger, what is thy name?" demanded Neptune.

"My name is Fiddy B. Cummings, your most tremendous majesty," replied the subject, as soberly and honestly as could be.

"How old art thou?"

"Really, Mr. Monster, I couldn't tell. There were six of us in the family. My brother John, from the east, was younger than I; and my brother William, from the north, was older; and then there was my brother Stephen, that carried on the farm in the west, come with me in between 'em, and 'twas always a dispute 'twixt mother and dad which come first—my brother Stephen or I."

This was delivered with such perfect honesty and simplicity that more than half the crew laughed outright, and I could see Sanborn's sides shaking. Fiddy was the only really sober man on the forecastle.

"Upon my soul," said Neptune, after a brief pause, "I'm afraid you never were born at all!"

"I shouldn't wonder if you was right, your grandiferous lordship. I knew a man once who was never born, and, in less than fifteen months after he found it out, somebody else's old aunt died, and left him fifteen thousand dollars."

At this point, Sanborn concluded that he had better hurry up with the initiation if he expected to get through with it at all; so he proceeded to make his grandiloquent speech, at the conclusion of which a pot of salt-water was brought forward, and offered for the novice to drink. Fiddy took a swallow, and pronounced it good.

"Outside and in!" cried Neptune. "My sons must be well-used to salt-water."

And down came a bucket full of sea-water upon Fiddy's devoted head; and, as he started back, and gasped, and made a reach for the man who had thrown it, he was caught by a half a dozen of the men, and thrown upon the deck—his feet lashed together, and his arms bound behind him, and then the running end of the jib down-haul was bent around his body.

"My friend," spoke Neptune, "suppose we should find it necessary to cast you into the sea?"

Fiddy's good nature did not forsake him, though he evidently concluded that he had better not attempt any more fun, for he had to deal with those who had the advantage of him.

"Your honor 'll do by me as you've done by the rest," he said. "I s'pose I've got into Old Neptune's dominions, and of course I'm willing to pay my way in crossing the line."

"Good!" cried the old sea-god, "I'll answer for him, and I accept him as a son. Henceforth, Fiddy Cummings, the ocean is yours to roam in—from east to west, and from north to south—and I give you my word that you shall never again be molested upon entering my dominions. Take him below, and put him carefully into his bunk."

The down-haul was cast off, and then two of the men took Fiddy up, and carried him down into the forecastle, where they removed the lashings from his wrists and ankles, and then left him to shift for himself. He had just got himself wiped dry when the chief mate, who had removed his disguise, came down into the forecastle with a glass of hot rum-toddy.

"Here, Fiddy," said Sanborn, extending the steaming glass, "is something that'll keep the salt-water from striking to your stomach."

"No, thank ye," replied Fiddy.

"But it's all honest, old fellow."

"Not by a blamed sight," said the new initiate, shaking his head.

"No, no, Fiddy," persisted the mate seriously, "there's no joke about this. It's a good, hot rum-toddy that I fixed on purpose for ye."

"And that's what ails it," returned Cummings, "I can drink salt-water on a pinch, but I can't drink that stuff. You might have cast me into the sea, and I wouldn't have complained, but you mustn't try to put THAT inside of me!"

"Eh?" uttered the mate, "don't you never drink it?"

"Never!"

"But s'pos'n' you were likely to die for the want of it?"

"Then I should die sober!"

The man spoke seriously and solemnly, and it was apparent to all who heard him that he was sincere. Mr. Sanborn looked at him a moment in silence, and then stretched out his hand:

"Give me your hand, Fiddy!" And then he added, prefacing the remark with an oath, which he used solemnly, "I shall never fear to trust you!"

And, on the next day, Fiddy Cummings told me why he would never touch a drop of anything that could intoxicate. It was a sad story of the trials and sufferings of those whom he had loved, and he told it to me with the injunction that I should keep it to myself. But it was nothing new. Such stories can be read every day upon the broad page of humanity by those who will look about them.

Gentle reader, do you believe in forewarnings? It was not a dream this time—it was an impression coming—I know not how—but coming, nevertheless, and growing stronger day by day—growing so strong that, ere we reached the African coast, I felt as sure that some great calamity was to befall me as I ever felt sure of the coming of any thing that lay in the future.

FASHIONABLE INVALIDISM.

I hope to live to see the time when it will be considered a *disgrace* to be sick. When people with flat chests and stooping shoulders will creep round the back way, like other violators of known laws. Those who *inherit* sickly constitutions have my sincerest pity. I only request one favor of them, that they cease perpetuating themselves till they are physically on a sound basis. But a woman who laces so tightly that she breathes only by a rare accident; who vibrates constantly between the confectioner's shop and the dentist's office; who has ball-robes and jewels in plenty, but who owns neither an umbrella, nor a water-proof cloak, nor a pair of thick boots; who lies in bed till noon, never exercises, and complains of "total want of appetite," save for pastry and pickles; she is simply a disgusting nuisance. Sentiment is all very nice; but, were I a man, I would beware of a woman who "couldn't eat." Why don't she take care of herself? Why don't she take a nice little bit of beefsteak with her breakfast, and a nice *walk*—not *ride*—after it? Why don't she stop munching sweet stuff between meals? Why don't she go to bed at a decent time, and lead a *clean, healthy* life? The doctors and confectioners have ridden in their carriages long enough; let the butchers and shoemakers take a turn at it. A man or woman who "can't eat" is never sound on any question. It is waste breath to converse with them. They take hold of everything by the wrong handle. Of course it makes them very mad to whisper pityingly, "*dyspepsia*," when they advance some distorted opinion; but I always do it. They are not going to muddle my brain with their theories, because their internal works are in a state of physical disorganization. Let them go into a Lunatic Asylum and be properly treated till they can learn how they are put together, and how to manage themselves sensibly.

How I *rejoice* in a man or woman with a chest; who can look the sun in the eye, and step off as if they had not wooden legs. It is a rare sight. If a woman now has an errand round the corner, she must have a carriage to go there; and the men, more dead than alive, so lethargic are they with constant smoking, creep into cars and omnibusses, and curl up in a corner, dreading nothing so much as a little wholesome exertion. The more "tired" they are, the more diligently they smoke, like the women who drink perpetual *tea* "to keep them up."

Keep them up! Heavens! I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I were just made. To be sure I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race *last*; but I *don't* eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I *walk*, not ride. I own stout boots—pretty ones, too! I have a water-proof cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beefsteak and a glass of ale, and anybody else who wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at ten, and get up at six. I dash out in the rain, because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I *will* be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VEGETARIAN says he has an argument on hand with beef-eaters, and wants us to take up his side of the question and go in for a purely vegetable diet. He says: "The pyramids were built by vegetarians. So, too, were the unsurpassed public works of the ancient Romans. Four or five pounds of bread per day, with some olives, grapes, and kitchen-garden products formed the dietary of the Italian laborer a couple of thousand years ago. On such rations, with a little poor wine to wash them down, the helots who built the Coliseum, the Appian-way, and the aqueducts which—even in their ruins—elicit the wonder and admiration of the modern world, sustained their vigor. Beef and mutton—two articles of food classed in our day among the essential invigorants of humanity—were never eaten in old Rome, nor does the Latin language contain any words which strictly apply to these two meats. Yet no army of modern beef-eaters has ever surpassed the Roman legionaries in ability to endure fatigue or overcome physical obstacles." We do not "go in" for either side to the exclusion of the other, on this question. A man has only to "show his teeth" to prove that his dental mill is intended for the mastication of fleshly as well as vegetable substances—that he is carnivorous as well as herbivorous; therefore, to feed him *exclusively* either from the shambles or the garden is to outrage his nature and bring him to grief.

EXPERIMENT.—The discovery of the local application of the spray of ether for benumbing some particular portion of the body with a view to surgical operations, is said to have been made in this city. The torpor of the brain produced by inhaling the fumes of chloroform and other stupefying gases, although it prevents a world of agony in surgical cases, is an advantage which has its drawbacks. In some conditions of the body, the paralyzation of the nervous system by these means is dangerous, and in several instances it has proved fatal. Men of science have, therefore, for some time past, been trying to discover, or invent, an agent capable of rendering insensible any part of the body to which it might be applied without affecting the remainder. The experiments resulted in complete success. Local insensibility to pain is now produced by directing "ether spray" to the part affected from an instrument that acts as a fountain, and throws off the anæsthetic in a dew-like shower. The flesh, after being played upon for a given length of time, becomes completely deadened, so that large needles may be thrust into it without occasioning the slightest pain. The medical profession are said to be delighted with the discovery, and some veterinary surgeons are availing themselves of the new process in the surgical treatment of horses.

EUPHEMIA.—We hope that your interest in the origin of snuff-taking does not come of any fondness for the habit. Catharine de Medici, a lady of sardonic instincts, who flourished some three hundred years ago, and was somewhat given to taking off her friends and relations (by poison) is believed to have been the first person of note who patronized tobacco dust, and it is highly probable that she and her delectable son, Charles IX., exhilarated their spirits with that pungent stimulant as they sat in the balcony of the Louvre on the 24th of August, 1574, superintending and directing the "massacre of St. Bartholomew's." From that day to this snuffing has always been more or less in vogue; but is now, we are happy to believe, slowly going out of fashion. Perhaps when the human nose has entirely abandoned the use of the defiling weed, the human mouth will follow the example. Let us hope so. Cleanliness is said to be akin to godliness, and if so your inveterate tobacconalian must be farther removed from grace than any Christian ought to be.

PHILADELPHIA.—Here is a boy of sixteen who says that he "has been in a right manly love with a young lady for more than a year." What nonsense! Such a child as he is could not by any possibility understand the meaning of the term. He is merely "spooney." The young lady treats him cruelly, he says, and scorns his honest affection, and her parents scoff at his "manly suit." Really, this boy should be shut up in the nursery until his fevered blood has time to cool. If allowed to run at large, he will become a public laughing stock.

ANNOYED.—If the young lady to whom you are engaged *will* persist in keeping up a correspondence with another gentleman, greatly to your annoyance and in spite of your protestations and solicitations, you should discontinue the engagement. Such an annoying and obstinate sweetheart as that would be apt to make a still more annoying and obstinate wife.

COLLEGE.—It would not have been *improper* for you to have asked your friend to introduce you to his sister at the church festival, although, if he had declined to do so, you would probably have found it to have been rather undignified and indiscreet.

H. M. Y.—You, in common with many others, have totally misinterpreted the phrase, "Death without benefit of clergy," in supposing that in such cases the condemned were deprived of the consolations of religion in their dying hours. The secular arm, even in the dark ages, never sought to slay the souls as wells as to take the lives of offenders, and the stories to that effect are all founded in error. "Benefit of the clergy" originally meant the extension of special privileges to persons in holy orders who had broken the laws of God and man. If a layman had committed a murder he was hanged, but if a "clerk in orders" had perpetrated a dozen homicides he had only to "plead his clergy"—in other words, to show that he had been ordained—and he was thereupon immediately turned over to the ecclesiastical authorities, who "put him to his purgation." This was a very simple process. The accused made oath that he was innocent, and having thus added perjury to his original crime or crimes, was immediately set at liberty. In progress of time "benefit of clergy" was not only accorded to criminals in orders, but to all who could read and write. What a compliment to education! In the reign of Henry II., and even much later, murderers who were tolerably well up in these two elementary branches were suffered to go unwhipt of justice. Individuals so accomplished were presumed to be fit for the priesthood if they had not entered it, and were therefore by implication considered "clergy." But as the rudiments of education became more generally diffused, this abuse of a "benefit" only intended for clerical felons became intolerable, and was partially arrested by statutes passed in the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth and Mary. In Charles the Second's time it was still further restricted, but it was not entirely put down by law until some time during the "Georgian Era." In this enlightened day there is no "benefit of clergy." Neither in this country nor in Great Britain does a statute-breaking minister of the gospel receive any more consideration at the hands of justice than a street-corner ruffian. "All men are equal before the law," and if even a bishop were to commit wilful murder, he would suffer the penalty of his crime, "without benefit of clergy."

AUSTRIAN.—We do not agree with you that "it was the duty of the Government of the United States to save the life of the Emperor Maximilian at all hazards." Our Government had no "duty" in the matter at all. Is it to be supposed that we are to bother ourselves about the fate of every freebooting, vagabondizing offshoot from the moribund dynasties of Europe that chooses to tempt the wrath of Heaven on this side of the Atlantic? Your plea in regard to "the noble and far-descended blood which flowed in the Emperor's veins" has no weight in a country where the moral and intellectual qualities of the individual are the chief criterions of his worth, and where an honest and industrious laborer is of more worth than any "royal" or "imperial" vagabond that ever sought to riot on the hard earnings of his betters. Maximilian was no doubt an estimable man, for an aristocrat; but he went into the Mexican game with his eyes open; he staked his life on the hazard of the die; and, if he has lost it, his abettors should not whine over the event, but seek to extract from such a Providence the lesson which it legitimately inculcates.

J. C. S.—The Constitution of the United States does *not* say that if a naturalized citizen of this country should at any time visit his native land and be pressed into the military service thereof "he must abide the consequences thereof, as the United States will not hold itself responsible for his protection as it would for that of a native-born citizen." The *constitution* says nothing about such matters; but our Government has no right, according to the law of nations, to interfere with the enforcement by any other government of the claims of that other government upon its own native-born citizens within its own territory. So that, whenever a naturalized citizen of this country voluntarily places himself within the jurisdiction of the government of his native land, he becomes liable to the enforced performance of any duty or service to that government which had accrued before he left it and became a naturalized citizen of the United States.

COUSIN-LOVERS.—Some of the noted authorities now hold that marriages between cousins, or other blood-relations, do not tend to deteriorate the human race, and that the offspring of such marriages are no more apt to be sickly, deformed, or idiotic than the generality of children. These writers say that what they call "physiological incompatibility" on the part of the parents is the cause of idiocy, insanity, tuberculus disease, deformity, etc., among children, and that consanguineal marriages have nothing to do with such misfortunes. It is claimed that these views have been shown to be sound by an extensive investigation as to the parentage of children afflicted with any of the above-mentioned ailments; but it is probable that the question will continue to be an open one for many years to come.

ODESSA.—It is not unnatural for you to be incensed at the slanders which have been circulated about your family; but your discretion is questionable. To "attempt, in a quiet way, to hunt down a series of slanders, without arousing the unfriendly feelings of the slanderers," would be a most Quixotic undertaking. The only way that a stream of slander can be choked off, is to take the throat through which it flows in one's grasp, at least metaphorically, and give it vigorous treatment. Moral suasion is of no more account with a veteran, gossipping scandal-monger than it would be with an incensed rattlesnake.

SWINDLED.—If you really intend to prosecute the wine merchant who you say has swindled you, you should first state the case to some *good* lawyer, who is also an honest man. The only "advice" which we can give you is to have nothing to do with such unconscionable persons hereafter, "For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter: their *wine* is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps," and not that "pure blood of the grape," to drink which was the crowning happiness of the chosen people of the Lord.

M. S.—You should not *allow* yousself to get angry with your old friend. Is anger one of the Christian virtues? His notions may be latitudinarian, but if you are so *certain* as to the correctness of your own views, you can very well afford to look with complacency on the alleged heretical theories of your friend. At any rate, hard and rough words will not help your cause, inasmuch as your opponent may very well retort, as you say he once did, "that a religion which bears no better fruit than that is hardly worth quarreling about."

ENGAGED.—If you lovers, who are always getting into scrapes, by entering into hasty engagements, and falling in love with "other fellows," or "other girls," were only *honest*, how much trouble you would save yourselves. Simple, straightforward, unselfish honesty, would of itself be sufficient to cut almost any of the Gordian knots in which you get tied up—or, rather, it would prevent the knots' ever being tied. But you are for the most part selfish, dishonest, vain, weak, and foolish, and hence your difficulties.

M. W.—Your friend went too far when he said that "a *compliment* is always an untruth," and you were right in maintaining that a compliment "is not *necessarily* a falsehood." A compliment may be sincere or insincere; it may be true or false; it may be the graceful recognition and expression of a pleasant fact, or it may be a flattering declaration made on purpose to deceive and gratify the subject of the compliment at the expense of sincerity and truth.

LITTLE DORRIT.—If you have reason to believe that there is anything substantial in the claim of your family to an immense estate in England, you should make a statement—a plain and brief statement of all the *facts* in your possession and submit it to some lawyer for examination. He would be able to judge of its soundness and bearings; and if he believed there was anything in the claim, he could suggest some course of action for you to pursue.

WANDERER.—If you know any member of your uncle's family, or any old friend of his, write to him for information. If you can learn nothing of your uncle by such means, and are very anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, insert an advertisement in some of the leading papers which are published in the vicinity of his last known place of residence.

HELEN.—If you have such "abundant means" as you refer to, *you* can very well afford to speculate in matters of dress, and try this, that and the other pattern, without regard to the expense; but your less wealthy friends might find such a course inconvenient, if not impossible.

A. P. HUNT, (Lexington, Ky.).—Fanny Fern's real name is Sara P. Parton. She is the wife of James Parton, and a sister of the late N. P. Willis, the poet.

MONITOR.—The Mr. Ericson who invented the Monitor, is neither a Prussian nor a Frenchman, but a Swede.

LAW.—Go into some lawyer's office as a student, if you wish to become a member of the legal profession.

⁂*Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*